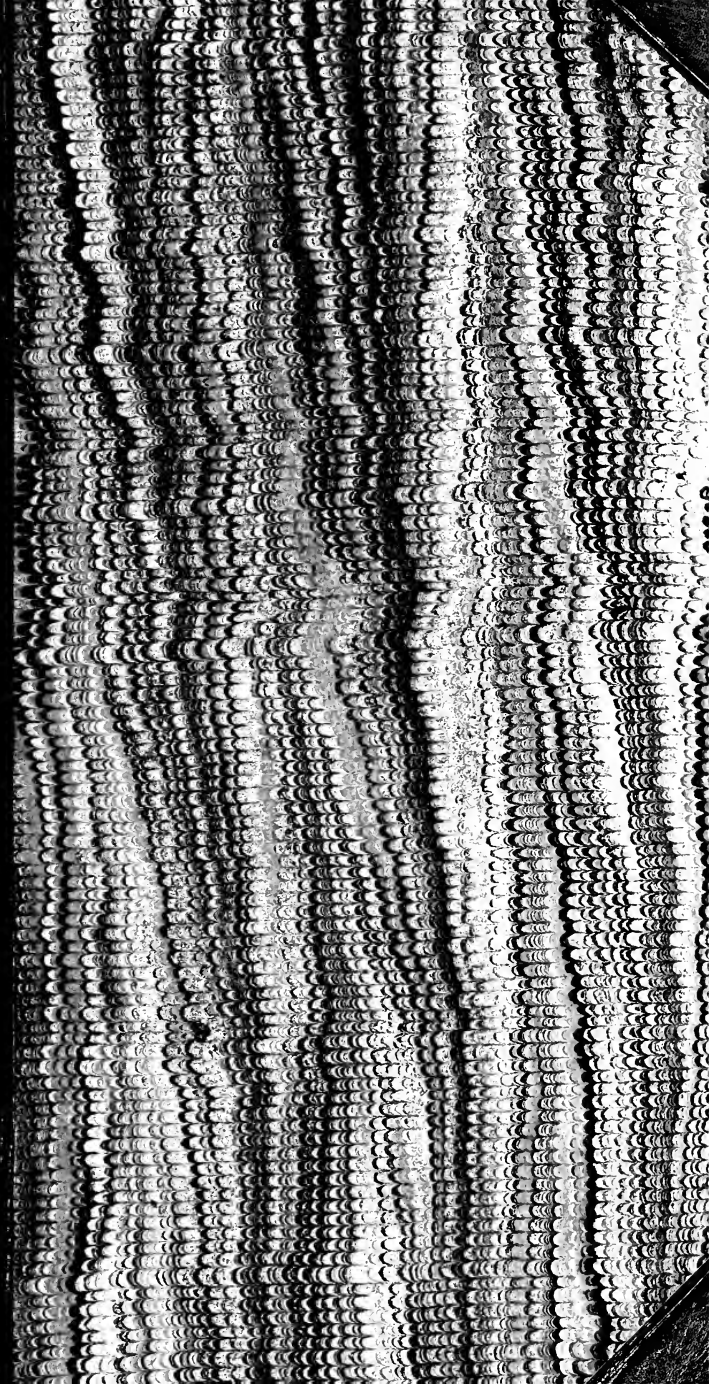


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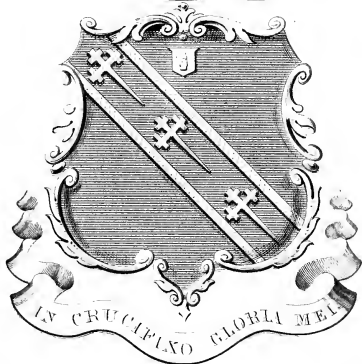


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DANIEL DENNISON,  
AND THE  
CUMBERLAND STATESMAN.

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VOL. II.



DANIEL DENNISON,

AND THE

CUMBERLAND STATESMAN.

BY THE LATE

MRS. HOFLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# DANIEL DENNISON.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF A

## COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

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### CHAPTER I.

WHEN Emily arrived at the Hall, she found even that orderly mansion in the state of confusion to be expected from circumstances; and on her arrival being announced, Mr. Witherstone earnestly requested to see her, and appeared assured that her presence and advice would operate more in his favour, than the prescriptions of those around him.



Emily had scarcely patience to see such selfishness and obstinacy combined, as he evinced ; and when he inquired “ if I were at home ? ” as if he had been going to send for me, she answered, “ that I was, before then, many miles from home ; and would probably be going from house to house, all night, in Appledale.”

Leaving him to digest this pill as he might, she then went to visit his wife, who was now laid in a kind of stupor and exhaustion, which was but too soon exchanged for the restlessness of fever, and the wanderings of delirium. She talked much of Charles, and called on him “ to free her from the snakes that held her so fast,” which her sister-in-law, who had also accompanied her brother, accounted for by saying, “ she had found a book in the dressing-room, lying open at that part of the life of Charles XII., of Sweden, where, in his childhood, he took a stick in his hand, and went forth to kill the

serpents." My wife concluded that she referred to former terrors, which was undoubtedly the fact, but combined with more recent circumstances. Whatever she uttered was in a low, plaintive tone, and with a thick voice, far different from her usual sweet one; and if denied anything, instead of speaking with sharpness and vivacity, as she was wont, she instantly appeared cowed in her spirit, and fearful of reproof. Alas! for this too, there was a reason.

When the physician arrived, and had first prescribed for her husband, by his command she was bled, though Emily, in consequence of what I had said, earnestly protested against this step. It was, however, not likely in such a case, that a woman's advice would be attended to; and as after this the patient recovered her reason, it was thought a proof of her amendment. She did not inquire, but was told that Mr. Witherstone was ill, on which

her countenance became evidently more tranquil, and she closed her eyes, which had been singularly wild and wandering, as if she thought she could sleep. After a time she opened them, and inquired "if I had been sent for to Mr. Witherstone," and on being answered in the negative, she said, with a kind of half smile :

"Oh, then he is not very bad !"

This was the only moment, my wife said, in which she looked or spoke like her former self: it was the last faint glimmering of that playful archness, which she ever indulged.

Towards noon her mind was again confused, but the teasing pain of a blister seemed to recal her to a remembrance of her situation, for she inquired in the kindest manner after the poor family of Collets, and gave strict orders to keep her child in the most distant part of the house, or else obtain leave to take him to ours.

This permission it was now not difficult to obtain, for I myself, the long banished one, was again sent for, although it was certain that the most judicious means had been used in the Squire's behalf, and all reason for alarm was gradually subsiding.

But could I, ought I to intrude on the patient, to whom I was not called, but who was in fact the only one who would in this season of universal suffering have drawn me from those to whom I stood pledged? In this I had little choice, for after I had been pestered nearly a whole hour by questions, and disgusted by apologies from *him*, I was suddenly sent for by my wife in such strong terms that I had no power to refuse, and I followed the messenger on the instant.

Mrs. Witherstone was raised up on the bed, and reclined her head on the pillow upon my wife's shoulder, who sustained her burthen with evident difficulty. I

found with horror and sorrow no tongue can describe, that she was then actually dying; and although I rapidly ordered whatever might delay the awful moment, I saw it was at hand.

She evidently knew me, and thanked me by her looks, and was soon so far recovered that she desired Emily to reach her a little casket, from which she took a bracelet that had been her mother's, and seizing an opportunity when she was unseen by the attendants, she put it in my hands, saying "Keep it for—for *him*."

"She means for her child," said Emily, sobbing as she spoke, "for there is on the hasp a picture of herself."

"No, no, he knows—only *him*—and he will promise—"

"I do know all you would say, dear lady, and I *do promise*. I will give it faithfully."

"Thank ye; God bless ye both; say no more now, but pray for me—oh, yes! pray

for me, both of ye—pray that I may be forgiven for thinking—for thinking of *him now*. My feet are very, *very* cold. You will love my child, I know. Tell your wife, your *good* wife all, Mr. Dennison ; and tell *him* that my last, *last* words were—”

At this moment I offered some restorative drops, but she shook her head and put them bye. It was the last effort of nature ; two long-drawn sighs escaped her lips, and *then* the pale cheek sank deeper on the pillow ; the soul had fled.

My wife saw not what had occurred until I relieved her from the precious burden, and laid down gently that beauteous head which the sculptor's art has never rivalled, and closed those eyes which, within thirty hours, I had beheld suffused with beams of tenderness for one now far away.

My first emotions were far different to those of my wife, who wept in very agony ; for I inwardly thanked God that she had died in her own house, and on her own

bed, a sinless sufferer; her good name unpolluted by disgrace, her marriage vow preserved, and her memory claiming honour. I traced her sad history from the moment she had entered these walls, and what did it present, save the misery of years, the triumph of moments? Anguish and vexation, aversion and submission, had filled successively those hours in which she had been seen by others—there had been many, unquestionably, whose disgust and regret had alike inflicted sufferings still more acute. Could I lament that such scenes were closed for ever, that such griefs should afflict her no more?

Whilst these thoughts were passing my mind, the sad news was divulged to the family. Oh! what a cry arose, as with one voice, from one heart. It was at once a cry of dismay and unbelief, for how could death have taken one so young, and so short a time since moving amongst them in her beauty and benevolence; one, too,



who had suffered so much, and so long, yet still survived, as though she were invulnerable to death?

There was no checking the impulse of the heart at such a moment as this. Every fount was instantly in motion, from the aged bailiff to the young dairy-maid; they came flocking in trembling haste to the chamber door, to hope, and trust it could not be true, that something could be done by the doctor to save her yet and each one seemed ready to offer a portion of their own life for the purpose—who first should fly for help—who first should labour to procure relief.

No, it was not a long swoon, but death itself. Yet all were eager to tell me that she had looked thus before, and to reproach me for doing nothing. When at length convinced that, indeed, there was no hope, how bitterly did they lament!—how the bailiff wept, and the stiff gardener himself sank down in the very feebleness of sorrow;

the master, that awful master, rang his bell again and again, but it was unheard as well as unanswered, for he was forgotten now!

This sight had not only banished my previous reasoning, but completely unmanned me, and I had wept as a father over his child, a mother over an orphan sister; but at length recovering myself I went to the sick man's room. He complained in strong terms of his desertion, and particularly that I, who had not been sent for to Mrs. Witherstone, should yet have given her an undue preference, knowing as I must perforce do, that he was the first person to be considered—the head of the house and the head of the woman also.”

“ You are now, indeed, sole and only head, Sir! Your *wife is dead!*”

“ Mrs. Witherstone dead! *dead!* it is impossible. Why was I not informed of her expected departure?”

“ You knew that she was extremely ill,

Sir, and you saw that I was sent for in extreme haste and distress by my wife ; more we could not tell you—her removal was awfully sudden.”

“ I see it all. I ought to have been sent for, and carried to her bedside, that she might have bade me an eternal farewell, and commended her child to my care ; but you dreaded my complaint would return—you did well ; it would have been too much for me. As it is, I am quite overwhelmed,—it will be the death of me.”

So saying he drew the sheet over his face to hide his sorrow.

“ Thank God !” I said internally, “ that he did not come near her—that her last moments were not disturbed by the sight of him ; nor her due feelings of repentance for a half-intended fault rendered nugatory by his hated presence, and cold-hearted speeches.”

Hearing my feet at this moment pacing the chamber, he hastily looked up to beg

I would not leave him, "that I would have pity on his desolate situation, and remember that he had lost the most lovely creature that death ever tore from a widowed bosom."

In reply, I told him, "that disease was making fearful strides in the neighbourhood, that my duty called me to visit many afflicted families, and that every man must bear his sorrows for himself, for which I had no remedy; and, moreover, that his complaint was wonderfully abated."

"But are you sure of that? Do you believe that the danger is passed away?"

"I am confident that it is. Besides, with early morning you will have other, and better advisers."

"Then go, go, for it is meet that I weep my loss in solitude and silence."

## CHAPTER II.

It will strike my reader, as it did me, that sorrow would not kill the Squire; nevertheless the extravagance of his grief and the extraordinary exhibition he made of it, were themes of conversation, not merely through the neighbourhood, but the country. Sorrow is, indeed, infectious, and here it spread from house to house with more rapidity, perhaps, as being connected with the complaint under which many were suffering or fearing; but yet most of it undoubtedly proceeded from the personal love with which every one regarded that

beautiful young creature, whose endearing manners, universal benevolence, and unfortunate union had so long engaged their admiration or pity. Beyond her own house she had not a fault, and within it not one which was not considered to spring from the indulgence of her parents and the severity of her husband. Now that death had set his all-hallowing seal upon her she was considered more of an angel than a woman, and whatever was even remotely connected with her became an object of such sympathy and interest, as can only be conceived by those who have resided in a retired country place, where affairs of such moment can rarely occur.

I do not say, nor in the least believe, that Mr. Witherstone was not sincere in his expressions of grief, for I observed him closely, and when the more important point of anxiety for himself was removed, when he visited her in her coffin, and beheld that face so pale in its beauty, verging to the

awful consummation of all earthly glory, it is certain his heart was touched to its core. It was, however, well for him that he thus mourned, since that alone could wipe away, even in a slight degree, the handwriting that was against him in the memory of all around us. It was also well for himself that his grief, like his love, and his religion, was full of *forms*; seeing that its essence became expended on those things which in a differently-constituted mind would have been its nutriment. The watchings of the corpse, the number of candles to be lighted, the black draperies, and the white sheets—flowers, and plumes, and hatchments, were all so many sources of diversion to a mind like his, and it is probable that in the exercise of his taste on a point long studied, he obtained at once a gratification to himself, and secured pardon and eulogium from the short-sighted and the vulgar-minded of his neighbourhood.

The day of the funeral is said to be sometimes as great a trial as the day of death,



for till then, perhaps, we do not feel the full extent of our loss. It is not for me to say whether the widowed husband delayed the funeral from a dread of parting with the precious remains, or a desire to gain time, to render its solemnities more striking; but it is certain that he did so manage it, that the first burst of sorrow had subsided, and that this awful ceremony recalled it, and awakened it in such a manner as I have never witnessed in any other case. Alas! the hearts of many had, in the meantime, bled for their own nearer connections, particularly their children, and, for my own part such had been my incessant exertions, my fears for my own family (particularly my wife) that although I was incessantly required at the Hall, and did go there whenever I was able (Miss Witherstone being slightly visited by the prevalent complaint) I had to a certain degree subdued or eluded my sorrow till that awful day brought it back. I was summoned, as a matter of course, to attend the funeral, but there was

found a necessity to divide me from my brethren of the profession, and render me what I truly was—a *mourner*. It was the determination of the Squire that the little boy should follow his mother, and the surprised and alarmed child, now only in his sixth year, would walk with no other person but me, whose very heart he rent with inquiries for mamma.

When told she was gone to heaven :

“ But why did she go such a long way, and not take me with her ?” said the poor innocent.

Oh ! how often in after-days have I thought on his words, how often when he was schooled to any misery, corrected severely for the most trivial errors, his mind astonished, his temper irritated, his affections suppressed, his spirit cowed, his little heart broken, I have said, “ Why did she not take thee to heaven with her indeed ?”

At the east end of the parish church there was an enclosure separated from the

rest of the burying-ground by an iron railing, which included a considerable area, where for many centuries the ancient family of Witherstone reposed. All without this place was crowded with persons who joined our own parishioners in lamenting the good, and young, and beautiful lady, and who attended with that deep silence interrupted only by sighs, which became the scene. The church itself was very full, but the mourners occupying the family seat, which was high, and screened by a curtain, all eyes were cast rather on the escutcheoned coffin than the funeral train, until the time when we proceeded to lay the body in the dust.

At this moment we were so pressed, that I found it necessary to take the child in my arms; and as I am tall, and the boy was of course bare-headed, he attracted instant attention;—the golden curls of his full hair, the pearly whiteness of his skin, contrasting with his black clothing, instantly told every creature in the crowd that

that fair child was the sole heir, the beautiful representative of his dead mother. Every bosom was wrung with the deepest sympathy, - and many a mother literally "lifted up her voice and wept;" whilst those who had "eaten of her bread," shared her acquaintance, or partaken her charity, sobbed in very agony. Some sunk overpowered on the ground; others pressed, in spite of impropriety, to look into the grave, as if to ascertain the dreadful certainty; and not a few, with looks of scorn, observed to each other, "Ah! ah! he feels it *now*, and let him feel—may the snake be in his own breast for ever!"

In all this I partook the transports of grief, blended as before with an occasional sense of inward exultation that she had escaped all sorrow and all shame; and well was I aware that no chance of even temporary earthly happiness could have been hers, if she had been so far deserted as to have fled with her lover. She was too pure, too noble by

nature, to have endured life under a sense of degradation ; and, indeed, her principles of religion would have rendered it impossible, for she had this principle deeply engrafted, as I believe, by her excellent mother-in-law. Even when ridiculing the dogmas of her narrow-minded, ceremonial-loving and superstitious husband, she has frequently made remarks, proving not only a sounder judgment, but a purer faith. Oh ! in such a case she would have been infinitely more pitiably situated than she had been before. Whilst life and memory remain, in humble gratitude will I bow before God, to thank Him for having made me the instrument to snatch her from perdition like this.

When all the more vivid and acute feelings, awakened by the death of this lovely and ill-fated being, had subsided, her memory still pressed on my heart as a sensible loss, which I felt the more when the country was restored to health, and all my own promising family awoke thankfulness for their

preservation. With so much to rejoice in, why did I still inwardly mourn, convinced as I must be that all was for the best? To me she had been for years as a sealed book ; I neither beheld the beauty which delighted my eyes, nor partook the society which gladdened my spirit. True as this was, I yet found, that when most effectually shut out from her, she had yet been to me as a hidden treasure, sufficing to my imagination, though denied to my possession. I had a key to her feelings, which though unentered, were still precious and sacred in my sight, and gave me right in her, a relationship to her, an affection towards her, alike pure and inexplicable. I can call heaven to witness, that never did man in his youth gaze on woman in her beauty and simplicity, with such total absence of desire, such brotherly holiness of admiration and delight, as I have looked on her ; and frequently even now, when more than forty winters have shed their snows on her grave, I strive to

analyse my feelings towards her in vain. Perhaps they more resembled those of Babington for his beautiful Queen, than of any person I have ever known or read of—the fealty and devotion of loyalty and love.

Such at least is the opinion of my wife, who loved her differently, but not less than myself, and whose sorrow for her loss, especially after I had made her acquainted with her sad story, exceeded my own, although it was, I apprehend, by no means so durable.



## CHAPTER III.

WHEN the funeral was over, and every possible attention had been paid to external<sup>\*</sup>, Mr. Witherstone, who out-heroded Herod, in his pathetic orations, and those descriptions of his departed wife which harrowed up every heart around him certainly more than his own, professed an intention of setting out to travel, as the only way in which to soothe his sorrow, and follow the "customs of his family." He therefore established his remaining unmarried sister as mistress at the Hall, and did not delay to execute his project beyond a few weeks, which being required to complete the possession of his wife's estate, rendered it de-

sirable that he should wait to receive her property from her guardians in a more regular manner than he had yet done.

As in these times the whole country was very superstitious, numberless omens of the late event had been mentioned, especially the sound of a hearse rushing through the lane the night before her death ; and one man even maintained that he had seen her *wraith* at the gate of the desert, which made him run a mile without stopping.

The reader will be certain I heard these accounts with satisfaction, seeing they were reports far distant from the truth. At the market-town a different reading was given, for there I heard “ that a young officer (who should be nameless) had hired a carriage to take him to a strange place, when it was certain that shots were fired though at considerable intervals, and that after leaving it he had travelled with the greatest rapidity to London ; but what became of his adversary was unknown.”

As it was certain I discharged the second pistol myself in order to guard from evil consequences the half-distracted man, I was not sorry to see this idea broached amongst those with whom ghost-stories would not have been tenable. Often would my mind pursue the fugitive with thoughts of pity, and for his sake I was not sorry that the Squire had in every possible way given publicity, in the county advertiser, and even the London newspapers, to the death of his lady.

Whatever might be the agony it inflicted in the first place, it could not fail to become consolatory in the second. For some time I was anxious to deliver to him the bracelet with which I had been charged, but the dread I had of making any inquiry that could by possibility awaken suspicion prevented me, to which was added the idea that he had left the kingdom. He had spoken of taking her to another country, and there was somewhat in his accent which

induced me to conclude that Ireland was the country he meant, and his own native country ; in that case he was probably there already.

To me he appeared an elegant, handsome, and truly interesting man ; nor had anything occurred in all my observation which robbed him of my esteem and good wishes, for I saw clearly that he was almost distracted by passion, and incapable of intentional dishonour, though betrayed by his feelings into error. Unquestionably he had heard reports of the misery of her he loved beyond even the truth, since her father was apt to pour out a strain of invective against the Squire in unmeasured tones, and when those impressions were added to the invitation she gave him in her hour of despondence, no wonder he acted as he did, for he was yet a young man and an ardent lover.

Miss Witherstone who was left in charge of her brother's child and his house,

though still a very young woman, had more of those peculiarities about her which we term old-maidism, than any of her sisters had ever exhibited. She was, indeed, “the softened image of her noble sire;” therefore, the fair boy, who during his month’s residence with us had grown a far more vigorous and playful, more child-like and boy-like than I had ever hoped to see him—had little chance with her of enjoying that health which is the gift of exercise, or that expansion of the faculties which arises to children from observation and society, rather than instruction. On the contrary, his food was prescribed, his walks measured; he must not be boisterous with the footmen, nor romp with the maids, nor taste sweets with the housekeeper, nor chat with the rough lads of the village, nor cry to go to the Doctor’s, and above all things, he must ask no questions of his aunt. “Nothing was so rude as asking questions.

Nothing on earth so tiresome as teasing children. Either he must sit down and be good, or stand in the corner till he had learnt to be so. When papa came home, he should be whipped for every offence, as he used to be."

On witnessing the operation of this system, I used to say, "But why, my dear young lady, do you not bind and gag him at once? It would save you abundance of trouble."

"Why, Sir," she would reply, with great simplicity, "I should think it would kill the poor little thing."

"So should I, in time; but would killing be more cruel than thus to restrain those limbs which nature bids him exercise?—to fetter that mind, and those affections she excites and moves to action? You are too young to have forgotten how you wished to run through the desert, thread its mazes, and feel the wind meet you at the turn of every corner, and you now love a little dancing I

know, with a pleasant and proper partner, and so forth. Why should the child be blamed for similar desires ?”

However vexed and really angry I might be when I thus addressed the young lady, I never failed to throw as much suavity as I could into my manners, and to look at her as if I thought her dress becoming, or her person improved ; for being a married man, and therefore out of the question as a lover, I considered it a fair thing to forward my suit by addressing those little weaknesses of nature which might assist it. Miss Mercy Witherstone was, I trust, not born without her sex’s due share of them, but yet her vanity could never be tickled either out of her simplicity, or what she deemed her propriety, and she would sagely answer—

“ I don’t pretend to say, Doctor Dennison, that I had not that kind of feelings when I was *quite* a child, for, as my poor dear brother says, we are all corrupt enough

by nature. But I also remember very well, that I was never allowed to run a single step, and only to walk round the grass plot three times a day, and never to go out at all, if the wind blew, lest it should take the powder out of my hair; and papa always talked of the good old times when children never sat down in the presence of their parents, or spoke till they had been spoken to; and he said “no good came of new ways in any thing, so of course I shall bring up the little boy as he brought up his father before him, and I think you will allow, Sir, that such a man as my poor, dear brother cannot be found every day—few people will say they know his fellow anywhere.”

“I cannot deny that, Ma’am, certainly; but allow me to ask if your mamma—whose goodness and experience must have weight—brings up her two last children in this way?”

“I am sorry to say she does *not*; but



that I suppose is to please her present husband. I must also say, Doctor Dennison, it is not very handsome of you to put *me* in mind of mamma having done such a thing as to have more children at all. As my poor dear brother says, 'Nothing could be more unnecessary than taking such trouble; for what with cotton mills, and potteries, and such like, there will be a population that will *eat us all* up by and bye.'

Poor Miss Mercy! what would she have said had she lived to see the present state of overflowing, and long-living society? Most happily she did not; yet within her time there was an abundant increase in our neighbourhood, either from births or arrivals, in Appledale and its neighbourhood; and many must have been her anxieties ere she died of old age at forty-nine.

We now received another letter from India, which, following the former so

closely, awoke our attention in the liveliest manner. We there learnt that the war with Hyder Ali, being for the present in a state of cessation, our worthy relative had determined to return immediately to Europe; and as he expected to arrive at the most favourable season in his native country, he was desirous, in the first place, of coming to our village, or neighbourhood, and wished me to look out a fitting habitation for him and his family, for the space of two or three months, during which time he could cast about his eye for a more permanent residence, and ascertain the power of his daughter to endure the climate of England's middle counties.

Never surely was a more puzzling command. The Witherstone arms was utterly unequal to receiving such a guest, even if it had been exclusively devoted to him, for the ground-floor was all stone, the chambers all plaster, and the warmest summer failed to penetrate the walls, which were fenced by a rocky mound

more picturesque than comfortable. Appledale was crowned like a beehive, besides it was too distant ; we were completely at a loss.

It so happened that in consequence of the late fatality amongst us, one house had become vacant. It was situated within a little distance of ours, in a shady lane, with a narrow slip of garden before it, and an orchard behind, and had a good deal of what the celebrated Browne would have called "capability" about it. At least so thought Emily, and she even ventured to believe that in the present softened frame of his mind, if our landlord were at home, she should be able to persuade him to make the necessary alterations.

How she intended to work on that man of *incapabilities* I know not ; but women are often ambitious on such points, and frequently carry them, so I left her to manage the matter as she could, determined personally never to solicit him ; but I confess

I was not sorry when we learned that he had arrived, and was therefore accessible.

It appeared that he had come home precisely that day six months on which his poor wife died, and that he had done so for the express purpose of making the proper change in his mourning where he could best have leisure to give due consideration to a matter so momentous.

In pursuing this intention his weepers were discarded, his plain black buckles exchanged for others of a more dressy appearance, the broad hems on his linen narrowed one half, and a slight tinge of powder admitted upon his hair ; he also mounted on his forefinger a ring of an oval form and an unusual size, in which, upon a ground of ebony was displayed the figure of a skeleton, curiously wrought in pearl or ivory, and so well done as to offer to many eyes an appalling spectacle. This proof of his love he vowed should go with him to his

grave, for he declared that his sorrows knew no respite, that his days were pleasureless, his nights sleepless, that he had neither relief in wandering, nor peace in rest, and professed an intention, so soon as he had received his rents and performed one paramount duty, which pressed much on his conscience, to go forth again, like Noah's dove, and explore every remarkable place in Ireland and Scotland.

This information quickened our anxiety on the subject of the house ; but we could not forbear to remember, that this man who could now travel every where, would never indulge that beautiful young partner whom every other man would have been proud to exhibit, with a single journey ; since the only time he took her from home, was that when he was called by necessity. On Emily stating her desire to accommodate her uncle, and the possibility of doing so by making improvements in James Allen's former habitation, he not only agreed to her

wishes in the most liberal manner, but placed the workmen at her disposal, and commissioned her to improve to an amount far beyond any thing she deemed necessary. He assured her, "that the wants of a man accustomed to the luxuries of India, even for a temporary purpose, would go beyond any calculation she was likely to make; but that his house, furniture, and purse, were alike at her service for the entertainment of her worthy relative."

After this truly kind speech, he invited her to meet his mother and eldest sister on the following Wednesday; observing, "That he required her presence relative to a certain duty incumbent on him as a widower, and in which the presence of men might be dispensed with." We therefore walked home together, well pleased with our negotiation, and agreeing that we had never seen the Squire to equal advantage. "Home keeping youths have homely wits," as they say, was a quotation that rose to both our minds,

and we could not fail to regret that his wits had not been improved by travel during that period, when such improvement would have rendered it valuable to the sweet companion he had lost.

When my wife appeared on the appointed day, the meeting was, necessarily, very affecting ; as the ladies had not seen each other since the loss of her they alike loved and lamented. Still more were their hearts touched, when the Squire himself proceeded with them to his late wife's dressing-room, where, on various chairs and tables, were piled up all the clothes, laces, feathers, and trinkets of the deceased, each of which necessarily brought back to the mind her form and countenance ; the particular occasion on which such and such things had been worn, and the sad conviction that they should never behold her again. I will not say that the four females thus gathered together, consisting of his eldest and youngest sisters, his mother still in her

prime, and even the young friend of the family,—mine own especial friend,—might not feel some little desire to appropriate a portion of the immense mass before them, which had been unquestionably gathered together by a lavish and extravagant hand, seeking thus to cheat the heart of its sorrows; and it is probable, that a little female curiosity did float through the mind of each on the subject; but sorrow was suspended, and curiosity quenched by the oration which followed:

“ Behold! behold!—these piles of vain and gorgeous apparel! see here the idle and changing fashions, by which vanity decketh itself in immodest allurements, and that money is consumed which was given to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. The fair form which they once decorated, is now gone down to the dust. The breast which was covered with this gauze, and adorned by these pearls, is now a banquet



to the worm. Never more shall these habiliments feed the pride, and exhibit the weakness of woman. As she is in her grave so shall they also be entombed, and never shall the evil weeds of folly spring from the soil that covers them. Their grave shall be in the darkest shades of the desert, and you shall all behold the earth close over them :—for the present I beg you to depart and to meditate.”

The surprize which every one experienced, the sorrow which had been naturally awakened, and the awful ideas which were thus pressed upon them, caused all to depart in silence, and retrace their steps to the distant drawing-room, where for some time the silence of meditation, so emphatically recommended, did indeed prevail. It was, however, broken by Miss Mercy, who observed, she must needs say :

“ Her poor dear brother in some things had rather odd notions—to bury a chest of good clothes, like a Christian’s body, was

to her mind, a kind of sacrilegious thing, that seemed someway quite awful."

"It will be no sacrilege in my mind to dig it up again," said the sister. "The day of resurrection will only follow the day of judgment in this case, instead of preceding it."

"Say nothing about it, my dears, for the present," quoth the mother, "your brother will have his own way, and can do what he will with his own property, you know."

"I don't call it his property; 'tis that of the poor child's, for his mother laid out a good five or six hundred a year, which came by Mrs. Seppington to her you know, and ought to go to her heirs. I will ask my husband about it when I get home; for I am a mother myself, and cannot bear the idea of a child being wronged."

"Had she lived to make a will, she would have given all to me as the unmarried sister," said Mercy.

"No such thing! I should have had

them as the youngest, being nearest her own age."

"I rather think the dear creature preferred me as her *mother* to all her sisters; and perhaps this, her good neighbour Mrs. Dennison, even to *me*, therefore, it is foolish to dispute on the point. Be quiet, and when your brother is gone we will see if any thing can be regained. In that case, as you, Gertrude, say, we will save them for the child."

"I did not exactly say that, mother. We know that he can neither wear them, nor want them."

"His wife should have the jewels," said Emily, speaking for the first time.

This point was warmly being argued by the sisters, when the door was opened by the solemn gardiner, who rather by motion than words summoned them to follow him to his master. Each threw a cambric handkerchief over her head, as it was now spring,

and proceeded mechanically to follow their conductor through the mazy walks of that portion of the grounds I have already mentioned. As they advanced they became sensible of heat in the atmosphere ; but no one broke the silence they had relapsed into, and they at once were led into an open space, surrounded by high trees, where to their absolute horror, stood the Squire, like a magician presiding at a sacrifice. A robe was in his hand, the embers of an immense fire at his feet, and ever and anon as he stirred the ashes, silks, and taffeties, crackled ; gauze and lace sparkled up ; the glimmering of fiery spangles emitted rays, and ribbons of every hue shot forth long lines of living fire.

One shriek of amazement, one exclamation of utter reprobation, burst from every lip ; but when the work of destruction was complete, when even the sable-trimmed cardinal, and the ermined *négligée* were con-

sumed, and the destroyer pronounced that his work was done, there was again silence of the most decisive kind, for it was compounded of astonishment, anger, and obstinacy. My wife did not wait for its dispersion, she considered her share of the lesson to be finished, and hastened wisely to that home where she could speak freely, and revile safely, and, to give her her due, never was she more eloquent in speech, nor appropriate in epithet—nor did I hesitate to chime in with the opinions she expressed at every interval when she afforded me an opportunity.

It will be now supposed that we agreed the strange man's travels had made him worse instead of better; but this we could not, for his own generous conduct respecting the house, and the great pains he took to relieve the poor, increase the welfare of his tenants, and arrange all things well in the parish, forbade us to do so. In point

of fact, he was, as he had always been, unchanged and unchangeable—perfectly selfish, but not, therefore, mean or covetous, and, above all things, whimsical and conceited.

## CHAPTER IV.

OUR kinsman was delayed, for he did not arrive till the month of September, a circumstance highly favourable to his rustic home, since it happened to be rich in evergreens, as to its little garden, and shaded by elms.

My wife had really done wonders in her improvements ; for she had thrown a bow window out of the parlour, which at once enlarged and enlightened it ; she had turned the former kitchen into a dining-room, and made that necessary appendage out of the dairy, by which means the future

inhabitants would be neither annoyed by sound nor smell. She had furnished the rooms with simple, but tasteful furniture ; the walls were green, the curtains white, the chairs easy, the sofas soft. Plants which she concluded to be familiar to them, were placed on little brackets and stands ; a few books were laid about, and a musical instrument hired from the country town. Receipts were procured from all the likely sources ; and Debby, who was really an excellent cook, deputed to that department, with the *proviso* that if a foreign one was part of the household, she must submit to his regulations—a salvo by no means palatable, but accepted on principle by our excellent damsel.

Expectation was wound up to its utmost pitch, not only in our own family but the neighbourhood, before Colonel Littleton made his appearance, for not one person in the parish at present, besides myself, had ever seen a blackamoor, and very few knew



what a nabob was ; yet all agreed to apply that term to my wife's uncle, while his daughter was termed a nabobess. It turned out, however, that the expected cavalcade of Nookabadar, Dubushes, Kananahs and Khidmajus were comprized in a sickly looking gentleman about fifty-five, a delicate girl of eighteen, a man of colour, as a valet, and an English lady's maid, who was the only formidable personage in the party.

Far from bringing with them eastern airs and *hauteur*, the strangers seemed delighted to be received with affection by plain people, whose hearts could be read in their countenances ; and although the dialect of the country was often unintelligible, the smile which it elicited was unmingled with contempt, and the command reiterated without peevishness. It was indeed reported to the carpenter who had fitted according to Emily's orders as best direct, that the great man called the present.

house "a pretty bungalow," which they considered to be French for "bungling job," and sorely did it grieve the honest man; but beyond this no offence was given or received.

The Colonel, with a frankness that endeared him to Emily, and a confidence in my skill not less flattering, placed the affairs of his stomach in my hands, both as to food and medicine, in consequence of which Deborah was installed high-priestess in the kitchen; and as I had taught her to make curry, she was soon in high favour, and declared to be super-excellent for an Englishwoman. So much did this flattery reconcile her to Saib, her dark acquaintance, that no two persons ever pulled together more agreeably. What would I have given if good fortune had sent an itinerant painter into the country who could have done justice to their singular physiognomies, when sitting over a cup of tea, the sable trav had  
/ knew

related "moving incidents by flood or field," and Deborah replied by a sympathetic tear, or approving smile.

At one time I really thought their sympathies would have verged to that point of union which people of all colours and countries are subject to contracting ; but I have no right to say matrimony was thought of by Deborah herself, and it is certain Saib's whole soul was wedded to his master with a strength of attachment which I apprehend cannot be frequently experienced by his countrymen for the English. Alas ! scarcely had six pleasant weeks passed over us, when our gentle exotic, shuddering beneath the first breath of a northern frost, alarmed the father, and bade him seek for her a more genial climate.

One evening, as we sat together considering whether Bath or Devonshire would be best for this tender blossom, a letter was presented to me from the Hall, to which

place it was said that the Squire had suddenly returned, and whilst the servant was speaking, the news was confirmed by the striking up of the three church bells. Opening the letter, I read as follows :

“ Esteemed Sir,

“ I hereby inform you that I have returned to my own mansion, from which, God willing, I shall be in no haste to depart, having brought with me a mistress for the same, who may in some slight degree assuage my present anguish, and partake of the grief she cannot console. She is a comely personage, my family having a predilection for such, of good family and nurture, though unportioned, and more stricken in years than my late lady ; for as I am myself advancing to thirty years, which I consider to be the top of the hill in man’s life, from which he descendeth surely and certainly, so I felt it my duty to unite my fate with a staid and sober person

meet for the duties of conjugal life, the which is nowise a matter of light disport, but of due gravity.

“Considering Mrs. Dennison in all respects as a discreet person, I desire to introduce her to my said lady, and trust that she will accompany you hither at your earliest convenience, and remain

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“Good God!” exclaimed I, “Mr. Witherstone is married, and has just brought home his wife to the Hall.”

“Surely not,” cried Colonel Littleton, “for the people of the village are saluting him by a dumb peal.”

“His honour ordered it,” said the servant, “for it is a year this very night since Madam died, and he has wished the time to be properly observed.”

The man departed with a suitable message ; and it will readily be believed that our conjectures and surprize furnished

conversation for the evening, not unmixed with those fond remembrances of the departed, which the melancholy sound of the bells contributed to inspire. We had indeed already spoken so much of her, that our friends were nearly as interested as ourselves in the subject ; and her sad fate had drawn many a tear from the mild eyes of Eliza Littleton.

We did not doubt that the Squire had been taken in at some watering-place by an artful woman, some made-up old maid, or cunning widow, and we all agreed to lament bitterly the fate of the dear boy, under such a step-mother, though we were well aware that no one could be more strict, severe, or teasing than his own father, and that all change must be for the better.

So much had the more vivid imagination of my wife rung the changes on the troubles of this interesting child, that when morning came she was really too much oppressed and too unwell to pay her respects

to the bride. I was therefore deputed to go alone, make her apologies, and use my eyes and ears in detecting the deception of this artful woman, of whom it was nevertheless prophesied that "she had met with her match, as she would find to her sorrow."

With these prejudices in my mind, and the memory of her in all her loveliness, whom I had first beheld there as a bride, I walked slowly down the avenue, after turning my face towards the desert,—that scene of suffering,—and retracing the mournful procession, which just in that season had poured down this vista a year before. When I got to the house I heartily repented that I had come out, for my heart was oppressed even to suffocation.

The moment I was announced, the bridegroom stepped forward to receive me with more than his wonted urbanity, and less solemnity than usual, acquired unquestionably by living in the world a little. He was dressed in a perfectly new suit of grey cloth,

lined with black silk, and laced with black, which became him extremely. Miss Mercy, completely out of mourning and gaily dressed, next met my eye; after her, a handsome woman in the decline of life, whom he introduced as his grand aunt-in-law; next came the bride, "the comely lady stricken in years."

Her years appeared three or four and twenty; she had in fact been married on the birthday of the last. She was not merely comely, but actually beautiful. Her height was commanding, her figure graceful and delicate, her complexion fair and blooming, and every feature decidedly handsome, their general expression being as good as their particular forms. That expression was at once highly intelligent, yet meek and subdued; in speaking, she used the language of a well-read woman, which in those days was a happy singularity, but often unpleasantly combined; on the contrary, in her it was accompanied by the



utmost modesty and quiet unconsciousness of superiority ; but what pleased me in her best of all, was to see the child alternately look in her face, and then nestle to her side, whilst without a single word, without a pretext of fondling, often as her arm encircled its neck would she press its little head towards her, with the unpremeditated fondness of a kind and tender heart ; and when she perceived the emotion I felt, the gratitude even, which I doubt not my eyes expressed, the tears sprung to her own.

Excellent woman ! if my heart did homage to you then, well may it, when after years of unwearisome torture, unmitigated tyranny, the cold severity of ceremonial, the wearisome complaint of hypochondriac ailment, you still retained the uncomplaining sweetness of a temper, that could always feel, yet never resent, and the kindness of a noble nature. If ever human being obeyed in its fullest sense the apos-

tolic injunction, "Be not wearied of well-doing," that woman was you.

It will be readily believed that my report made a great change in favour of the bride, and set all upon wondering "how such a woman could have sold herself to such a man." In this respect our good uncle, though personally a stranger to both parties, knowing the world far better than any of us, set all to rights. "Surely," said he, "a woman is not to be classed with the mercenary, nor the self-selling, who in accepting a wealthy man provides herself not only a superior home, but the power of benefiting her fellow-creatures far more than she could do by virtuous poverty. Besides, Mrs. Witherstone probably thus aids the venerable relative who has supplied to her the parents she has lost. You must also remember that your odd Squire is well-looking, and to *her* little known; since at a distance from his own home and his de-

pendants he could not possibly exercise his peculiarities of manner and temper, whereas his good qualities travelled with him, for a man may find objects of charity in every situation.”

Soon after this change in the village, Colonel Littleton and his sweet daughter set out for Bath ; but as my wife was on the point of presenting me with another child—which proved to be a boy—they both desired to be considered sponsors, and left me such a present for the occasion that I became a purchaser of their house, which was to be held theirs by rent, and always inhabited by them in the summer season. It was an act of great kindness in the Squire to sell me this pretty place, but which he could luckily do without dismembering his estate, to which it had not originally belonged.

The new lady produced three daughters in the following six years, each of whom were taken away to a nurse a few hours

after their birth, but were all exempted by their sex from the dangers of immersion. On being each brought back at the age of two years to the paternal mansion, the example of family custom in all points of discipline was laid before Mrs. Witherstone, and she was required to enforce it. These orders she never controverted, but acted on, as if she had made the vow of Griselda. Nevertheless, her own sweetness was grafted in all things on his acidity; and whilst she was shut out from a world she was calculated to relish and to adorn—whilst her fine person was arrayed in all the antiquated clothing he desired, and the pretty little girls themselves were dressed like the marble troop on his great grandfather's monument—still she retained the calm cheerfulness of her manners, the equanimity of her temper. In all the other relations of life she was dignified as benevolent—*here* she was submission even to child-like obedience. Emily, indeed, used to

say, "that had she been less handsome she would not have consented to dress so like a fright, but that she was conscious he could not spoil her." There might be something in this whilst she was under thirty, for I have frequently seen pretty young girls like to put on spectacles; but we are all certain when she had turned thirty, it would not be very agreeable to wear gowns and bonnets suited to no one younger than her grandmother. Still more must she have felt those restraints painful, when her blooming girls were compelled to appear like dairy-maids, and forbidden all the pleasures and advantages their situation in life entitled them to enjoy. "Gall mingled with vinegar" was the draught emblematically held every day to her lips; and He alone to whom it was literally offered, could have enabled her to take it without useless recrimination or vain repinings.

But in no point did the excellence of this

lady's conduct affect me so much as in that of her devotedness to the little motherless boy, who grew up so like the parent he had lost, as to attract all eyes, and predispose all hearts in his favour, save that of the father. He had, indeed, some pride in his beauty, but none in his talent, for every indication of quickness he sought to crush, and would have really reduced him nearly to imbecility, if by her increasing kindness and ability she had not succeeded in fostering the germ of mind and softening the disposition to rebellion his father's pertinacious whimsies infallibly awakened, whenever his health was tolerable. This never amounted to strength, either from the cold caught in his immersion or the abundant clothing inflicted by Miss Mercy, his lungs were always delicate. Happy were we all when he was sent to a distant boarding-school, and placed under a kind and judicious master.

Yet even here it is certain he was pur-

sued by the miseries which his father's whimsical systems unceasingly inflicted on every creature within his domestic sovereignty, for his strange dress rendered him a laughing stock to the boys. The demands made upon him for exertion, beyond the usual lessons, abridged his hours of play—even his prayers were dictated, and his punishments prescribed. In the latter particular, it is, however, only justice to say that the beautiful and elegant Mrs. Storme was a more vindictive and effective tyrant; her only daughter—the child ordered out of her presence—never went to school after a vacation without being accompanied by a list of punishments to be endured from time to time, for offences committed during the holidays—such as soiling a frock, breaking a tea cup, or giving a saucy answer. These recompenses consisted of whippings, fastings, tasks, and mortifications—happy, too, was it for her when the good, the rough admiral, her father's brother, opened his

arms and house for her reception—still more happy when she became united to her present partner. Long as all this has passed, should her eye glance on this record of early life, well will she remember it. She was a high-spirited and lively child, full of the abilities which distinguished her family, and rendered her brother, as a classical traveller, one of the most noted and honoured men of his age.

At this time, her beautiful mother was a widow; but this she did not long remain, transferring her passion for toads to the toad-eater, Mr. Bosworth. It was a peculiarity in the history of this couple that, during the years when they resided under the same roof before marriage, they agreed together—the world said—too well; but from the first week of their marriage, they disagreed so entirely that parting soon took place, and half of the lady's jointure was consigned to the husband, in consequence of which she ever afterwards suffered com-



parative poverty. What was not less to be lamented, was the want of that adoration to which she had been accustomed, and which was not less a loss than the luxuries she had revelled in, for the rest of her life was a vain search for it, or an attainment of it temporarily, injurious to her good name though insufficient to its destruction. She embraced every changing doctrine in politics and religion, affected to be a leader of fashion in the village, and give the ton in literature at Buxton or Matlock—nay, even dabbled in physics, and died the victim of an experiment, ere “time had thinned her flowing hairs,” or impaired the brilliance of her complexion. In fact, she died at thirty-eight, after a few hours’ illness.

## CHAPTER V.

BATH was found to agree with our excellent friends as a winter residence ; and for three successive summers the Colonel and his fair daughter resided as before in the place we now called " Elm Cottage," where their presence was equally desired by the relatives who loved them, and the poor whom their residence employed or assisted. As the house was at the very verge of the parish, on that side which led to the Park, such help was of course particularly valuable in the first two summers, from the great house being shut. On the third year the

heir took possession, and soon after brought a bride there, in consequence of which we all became gay again, and I had great pleasure in seeing some amusement thence arise to these beloved relations.

Before the summer was over more material events occurred. Miss Littleton received the addresses of a gentleman who was related to the young Lady Hamerton, and he was in every respect so desirable a connection, that her father could not refuse him, although he justly considered the health of his daughter unfitted her for the marriage state. His objections were overruled; the marriage took place in the following autumn, and they all departed for the west of England to the gentleman's seat, after which we saw little of the Colonel, although he retained his house, for having a sincere regard for us all, and almost a parental love for Emily,—who greatly resembled him in person,—it was always his intention to reside much amongst us, but circum-

stances prevented him from effecting his purpose.

His daughter bore two children, the latter of whom soon died, and was followed by its fragile mother. When we received information of the second event, Emily immediately set out to visit and console the afflicted father, and finding him not only in great sorrow, but actually ill health, she prevailed upon him to remove to Bath, which was a place where he always received benefit, and with my free permission, determined to remain with him some time.

He became better there, though it was summer time, and he would probably have ventured down to the cottage, if it had not been for the arrival of a lady from India, whom he had known from her childhood, and to whom he offered this abode so long as it might suit her. She was the wife of a man of great military name then, a brigadier-general, and had come to England partly because the voyage had been pre-

scribed for her health, and partly to place her only child, a little daughter, in a school of high reputation near London.

I understood from the Colonel's letter that the lady was not rich, as her husband had no private fortune and his own expenses, under existing circumstances, were very great ; and that as she had been accustomed to every elegance, and was naturally gay and very attractive, a retired residence was every way desirable for her, provided she could be induced to consider it agreeable. He said, "it would at once restore her health, which was injured by a warm climate, prevent her from accumulating expenses, which might hereafter become embarrassing, and above all things, be valuable as a safe retreat to a handsome woman, unprotected by the presence of a mother, and thrown at a great distance from an honourable and affectionate husband. As to society," he added, "she will find in Mrs. Witherstone a host, and even in her husband there is

store of amusement, so I hope my lively *protégée* will manage."

In due time then came Mrs. Clifford attended by a man cook and a female waiting woman, both children of the soil from whence she travelled, so that my provision of a good housemaid and a handy footboy were by no means unnecessary. As the place could boast "the perfumes of Arabia," or others equally good, for it was perfectly covered with roses, woodbine, and jessamine, and had, during the time when it was inhabited by an elegant young woman, received various additions and improvements, she expressed equal admiration and surprise at all she saw; and the weather being indeed delightful, there seemed every reason to believe that she would find both health and content in her temporary retreat.

This lady was not so tall as my wife or Mrs. Witherstone; she was just the middle size, and of that description of person which in the country is called

plump. Her complexion was slightly embrowned by the warm climate ; her eyes dark, brilliant, and yet mild in expression ; her teeth white, and her lips full and well formed. The rest of her face had nothing to boast, but as a whole it was attractive. Her hands, feet, and neck were very fine, and it was now the fashion to display them ; a fashion which never before had presumed to travel to Witherstone, and which a single glance informed me, would shut the door of its great house against her.

But could any man shut his door, or his heart, against one so correct in her manners, so delicate and lady-like in every movement ; so insinuating in her languor, so charming in her gaiety, and who, moreover, was frequently wrapt in mantles even ample enough to cover a dozen ? No, I could not doubt that the stranger must be well received by every one, even by Miss Mercy herself.

Unfortunately this was the seventh year since the Squire's second marriage, and he held it as a kind of jubilee, on which he would make peregrinations, and they set out the very week of the strange lady's coming. The family at the Park, however, paid her every attention; my sister came over whenever she was able, and the good Adamsons left no means untried to add to her comfort. Books, flowers, and fruit, morning calls and invitations, varied the scene, and she declared "the whole affair was perfectly delectable."

But in a few weeks the Park family set out for Scarborough, the Adamsons went to Harrowgate, the rustic neighbours were better understood, and therefore less ludicrous; the singing birds less novel, and therefore less charming; and our fine lady evidently got so familiarized to all around her, that I expected she would inevitably become weary of all.

On the contrary, she could make com-



pany of a plain countryman like me, to whom she related many anecdotes, and gave many descriptions of the most amusing character, and was particularly delighted to find that I had picked up a pretty considerable knowledge of the customs, amusements, and habits of the European residents in our Eastern dominions, that I understood hard words and strange dishes ; could enter into the spirit of a tiger hunt, and the pleasures of a journey by dāk. She borrowed and lent books with me, and compared opinions on their authors ; would take her guitar and sing to me the airs she was learning, and even press me to bring my flute in my pocket, and take tea with her, saying, “ I was capable of accompanying her,” though I played only from the ear, and of course could do no such thing.

When Mrs. Clifford first came amongst us she manifested a nervous anxiety for newspapers, and I took care to supply her liberally, she was also extremely solicitous on

the point of receiving letters from the old Colonel, or my wife as his representative, knowing that he would transmit her the earliest information from the scene of Indian warfare. By degrees her extreme solicitude wore off, and I had the satisfaction to perceive her mind tranquil; a circumstance accounted for by the great improvement in her health. As, however, it was my duty to inquire after her, and by no means relax in a system proved to be beneficial, I generally called every morning for that purpose, and being purveyor-general for the family, if I neglected to do so from necessity, her Indian cook never failed to inform me that the garrison was in a state of famine; in short, something or other called me there both morning and evening, and there was something which rendered every hour when I was not there, irksome and vexatious—all other places and all other people were distasteful or disgusting.

Murder will out—Yes ! to my shame be it spoken, at the mature age of thirty-seven, with a wife I would have exchanged for no man's, and a promising young family I fondly loved, and to whom I sincerely desired to give a virtuous example, even *I* was so infatuated by the power of female captivation, as either to *love*, or at least feel something very like love. Alas! my wife was far from me ; my children were at school, or in the nursery ; and *he*, the vigilant guardian of the parish was distant also. I verily believe that his presence, or that of his more penetrative wife, would at this time have been my protection.

It must be remembered, also, that I was by nature a very sociable being, and habituated to exchange my thoughts and relate my adventures to an intelligent female, and accustomed constantly and professionally to converse much with women, and enter into their feelings and fancies, with more than usual sympathy ; and I may also say, I

had a taste for refined and sentimental intercourse, rendered only the more vivid, by the few opportunities for indulging it which my situation presented. I merely adduce these palliatives for my unhappy infatuation, that I may venture to say "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and remember to guard himself at all times, and all seasons; for little could I have suspected such an evil befalling me, who a dozen years before had parted from my wife a whole year, and been caressed by every widow, maid, and wife in the country, without giving a single thought to any one of them beyond their due.

It was undoubtedly from my ignorance of these deep-seated weaknesses in the heart of man, to which my own experience had furnished no clue, that made me so long play like a moth round the candle, be sensible of uneasiness without sorrow, and anxiety without cause. Whether the lady was as artless as myself I know not; whe-

ther vanity tempted her to secure even so humble an admirer rather than none ; or whether her heart like mine, was somewhat led astray by nature and circumstance, I cannot say : all I know is, that if the eyes tell truth, there was nothing to choose between us, and it was as yet only by glances half-given, and half-suppressed, and certain inflexions of the voice, where simple tones say more than words, that our feelings were either revealed or confessed.

One evening I was sent for to a woman at some distance, the road to whose house lay past the Elm Cottage. I set off at a brisk canter—the occasion calling for haste—but I could not forbear to check my horse as I went past her, and look towards the bow-windowed parlour. My regards were not in vain ; there she stood, looking more than usually lovely, though dressed only in a kind of morning wrapper, which was rather a night than day dress, and seldom used but on occasions of sickness. I could

not fail to inquire "if she were well?" and was answered — "Perfectly so; but she had been beguiled by a new poem, which should be lent to me, if I would call for it on my return."

This of course I promised to do; but added, "That my time in the present case was uncertain." She smiled, and kissed her hand, and I rode forward at full gallop, yet I did not forget that her gown was pushed up above her elbows, and those fair, round, soft arms, on which I had so often gazed too fondly, were exhibited, as if for the purpose of gratifying me, "What a kind creature! She is all goodness!" said I.

Never in my whole life had I been such an unamiable attendant at the couch of the suffering as I certainly was on this evening; in fact, there was not an old woman present that did not say "the deuce was in the doctor," a truth that, if it had reached *his* ear, might have had its echo in his heart.

Nature was slow in her operations, and so many hours passed as to prove that I had no chance for the coffee, the poem, the parting smile, and the parting touch of that velvet hand, which had been running in my silly head ever since I beheld her.

When all hope of my visit was over, I became considerate for others ; and as it was necessary that the good man should go to my house—late as it was—for a restorative draught for his wife, I lightened the fatigues of the way by permitting him to ride home my horse, and giving him a note to my apprentice. There was a nearer road than the lane I have spoken of, and the poor man took it. So did not I, for I found the harvest-moon glowing in all its beauty, in the midst of a sky dappled by clouds of fleecy whiteness, and the whole scene so beautiful that it furnished an excuse for just crossing the lea, and taking the Elm cottage in my way, “ to see how

picturesque it must look on such a night as this."

And so it did. Paradise could be hardly more fair when Satan entered it; but of him I thought not, as gazing upwards I wondered "whether *she* slept, whether *she* were angry with me, whether *she* would give me one of her pretty piquant scoldings?" On withdrawing my eyes from this object, I became sensible that there was a light still in the parlour, and on applying my eye to the crevice of the window-shutter, I saw Mrs. Clifford standing in the room in the attitude of one listening for a distant sound.

"Are you still up, my dear Madam?"

"How could I retire on such a night as this?" she answered, opening the window, which was a casement door; "never, surely, was such a night as this seen in Europe?"

"Then I had no share in your watchings?"



“ A little, undoubtedly, since it is not ten minutes since I barred the window ; and, by the way, I hurt my fingers, but I don't think they will require surgical aid till to-morrow.”

“ How came you to think of barring the window yourself ? ”

“ Surely you cannot suppose me so very an Eastern sultana as to keep up my slaves to this unreasonable hour, merely because I loved to gaze on the moon, and inhale the odours of the flowers ? I trust such inconsiderateness is not among my faults. No ! they have all been asleep above two hours.”

I cannot say that on this hint I spoke, but it is certain that I entered, and in the first place examined with tender solicitude, the slightly (*very* slightly injured fingers) —that I took wine poured out by those fair hands—seized them, and talked floods of nonsense—became encroaching—offended—was penitent and pardoned, but might

have trespassed further, if a voice had not suddenly arrested me.

This was not the voice of conscience, for I blush to say that was either feeble or unregarded, but this cried out in most piteous accents :

“Maister ! maister ! maister !”

Well did I read alarm, sorrow, and reproach, in every succeeding word ; the sounds fell like ice-bolts on the boiling flood within me, and, though in the first moment I was enraged, in the next I stood quailed, as if under the influence of supernatural horror. I flew to the window, and, escaping in silence, stood before one who might well have passed for what, indeed, she was, “an accusing spirit.”

“I guessed ye were here, maister ; more’s the pity, and the shame, too, but keep your own counsel, and I’ll keep mine—follow me.”

So saying, my truly awful visitant pro-

ceeded in a sober pace down the lane, walking under the shadow of the trees, from which circumstance neither of us were likely to be seen; on reaching the village she took an indirect path, evidently with intention, and soon after suddenly turned through a gap in the hedge, and led me circuitously by many windings, till she fairly brought me through a cluster of cottages near to my own house, giving me, of course, the appearance of coming from thence. At the door of a little garden which we had crossed, she paused a moment, and said with far more than her usual solemnity,

“Maister! if ye be not so far lost, but that ye can still look up to *Him*, do it now; for ye’ll soon set eyes on a man that’ll make ye’re heart dither.”

“What brings the Squire so suddenly?” said I, in a confused and sullen tone.

“Squire! it’s none sich a bag o’ seesaws as him, I promise ye, but a real,

grand man, and a soldier,—that fal de ral madam's own husband."

"The General here? Good God!"

"Ye may well say *good*. But as ye love yoursel' and the rest, (that ye *shuld* love) pluck up a heart, an' just meet him like a man."

This advice was sooner given than taken, and for all the houris in Mahomet's paradise, I would not experience again the feelings which bowed down all that was man within me, as I entered my own house, and crept, rather than walked, into the parlour, where General Clifford was sitting.

He rose on my entrance, and advanced towards me with that courteous air of mingled suavity and frankness peculiar to his profession, yet his countenance was grave, almost to melancholy. That countenance was not unknown:—did I see aright, or had guilt and its inseparable companion, fear, affected my senses? I uttered a few words inarticulate through astonishment.

“Yes, Mr. Dennison, you are right, we have, indeed, met twice before, under circumstances of the most awful and affecting importance. I parted from you in a temper of mind that would leave you a right to think ill of me, notwithstanding the pity you so kindly expressed. I am happy, *sincerely happy* in the present meeting, because it enables me to thank you for the highest obligation man can bestow on man—you saved me from guilt and remorse—saved *her*, the dear one too.”

“Ay,” thought I, “and most literally have you repaid the obligation.”

As, however, neither these sounds, nor others which rang through my heart, reproaching Daniel Dennison in words which seemed to flame before me like the handwriting which a Daniel alone could read, were uttered, or could be uttered, by a tongue which clove to its roof, I made a virtue of necessity, and with a trembling hand unlocking my bureau, took

thence that bracelet which had lain there for eight long years, and silently placed it in his hand.

“ Ah! what is this? Her own bracelet! Her own portrait, too, but taken in very early days. How came you by it?”

“ In her last moments she gave it to me for *you*, to be delivered as her dying memorial.”

“ You were with her, then? Did you return to her? Tell me, I beseech you.”

“ I sent my wife to her immediately, who never left her afterwards, and in whose arms she died. I entered the room but a few minutes before the last, when she roused herself even from death to send this pledge to you.”

The General gazed long upon it, pressed it to his lips and his heart, and finally deposited it in his bosom; then wiping his eyes, and summoning evidently his courage, he said,

“ May I ask you, Mr. Dennison, to crown

all your kind offices to me, by leading me to that place which your own heart will tell you mine now yearns to visit?"

I lead him to his wife — overwhelm her, poor wretch, as I was myself overwhelmed; impossible!

“Or, if you can *direct* me to the spot where she lies. It is only to-night that I can so indulge, for I would not for the world awaken one painful suspicion in my Louisa's mind. No! I would not pain her with jealousy, even of the dead.”

Relieved by this explanation, I gladly set out to the churchyard, looking up, as I did an hour before, at the same glorious moon, and thinking what different beings she lighted, what different scenes she surveyed, in this strange world of ours. At this moment the General put his left arm in mine, and as he did so I felt as if I had rather he had felled me to the earth.

I now observed that his right arm was in a sling, and the shoulder much ban-

daged, that his face was embrowned, his hair darkened, and his general figure much enlarged; but he was a fine, manly-looking person, and had in his intelligent countenance, good feelings, and graceful manners, whatever one would think was most likely not merely to captivate, but to retain, the female heart. As I contemplated him, could I forbear saying, "frailty, thy name is woman?" but my own cheek was still burning.

I led the bereaved lover to the east-end of the church, and pointed out the marble slab, beneath which that beauteous form had crumbled into dust, and then speedily withdrew, not merely from that delicacy due of course to his sacred sorrows, but from that sense of guilt, and shame, which made me for the first time in my life feel that I was unworthy to partake of the virtuous emotions of a noble and loving heart. Time was I too could have wept, and knelt, and prayed, as if in the very presence of her



departed spirit ; but my own was no longer blessed with consciousness of its proud purity —no longer had community with those whose constancy of attachment and fidelity of heart, seemed to give them pre-eminence in their own nature. It is true as I sat on a low gravestone, bending my head in the abasement rather than the humility of my feeling, I did now and then say “thank God that I escaped ; oh, how happy that it is no worse,” but I was not therefore happy ; my conscience was now as much awake as it had been heretofore sound asleep. It retraced my weakness through every stage, my lingering looks, my insinuating attentions, my forgetfulness of duty, my deadness of affection, even the vanity of subterfuge, in daring to rejoice in the escape from personal guilt, when I knew that according to His holy code of laws whom I professed to worship, I had “sinned in my heart.

How long I had thus sat I know not, but when the General with red eyes, and pale,

yet serene looks stood before me, and thanking me, intimated his wish to return, I well know that I started as if a ghost had arisen from the grave.

How different a thing it is for man to feel guilty before his brother worm, and before his Maker? To the latter, the lower he sinks the more happy he rises; but to tremble before man is servility the soul abhors.

I conquered myself sufficiently to offer the stranger a bed in my house; but he told me his servants and carriage were at the "Arms," and he was waited for there, adding that in the morning he would call on me to be taken to the cottage, but hoped that previously to that time I would cause his lady to be informed of his arrival, adding:

"I have been as fortunate in my marriage connections, Mr. Dennison, as I was unhappy in my early attachment; Mrs. Clifford is a very superior woman."

I replied in a mumbling voice, "that so far as I could judge, she was—*was*." I durst not trust myself with either *handsome*, *charming*, or any other expression indicative of admiration. The General mistook the cause of my hesitation.

"Yon may have mistaken Louisa, Mr. Dennison; but I can assure you that in her letters to Colonel Littleton she has spoken highly of you, and deemed your attentions invaluable. She may perhaps have appeared a *little* too high, for she has lived long in the East, and you have probably thought her *cold* and *distant*; but, depend upon it, Sir, her heart was always in the right place."

I told the General, as well as I was able, that I had no complaints whatever to make against his lady, and that I understood eastern manners exactly, then disengaged myself as well as I could from his wringing grasp—wringing I may well call it, for it wrung my heart; and I am fully

persuaded that never did a surgeon's knife in the most painful operation touch with acuter pangs than those words inflicted on my mind.

Some of my readers will know too well how to sympathize in my suffering. Happy ! thrice happy is he to whom my story brings no recollection of similar sensation, but who whistles as he turns over the leaf, or yawns now he is got to the end of the chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning I became all anxiety to know how I should break this important arrival to her whom it most concerned. I was determined not to carry the news myself, such a messenger would be either reproachful or affecting. I wrote note after note, but all were committed to the flames; one was too warm, another too cold, a third common-place, and a fourth mysterious. I saw the General advancing before the deed was done, and therefore dispatched poor Deborah with many cautions against wounding the feelings of the lady, to make a

verbal communication of the event, and announce our united and speedy arrival at the cottage.

It appears that when my chaste and suspicious Deborah reached Elm Cottage, she desired to be admitted to the lady's presence, who was then seated at a late breakfast table, and appeared pale and listless.

"My maister has sent me, Madam, to tell ye as how ye mum be prepared for a great change."

"*'A great change !'* is your master turned methodist preacher ? his inspiration is somewhat sudden."

"Nay, marry not he ; to my mind he's been lately turning to summut far worse ; but it's not of *him* I'm sent here to speak."

"Of whom, then ?" said the lady scornfully and impatiently.

"Your own lawful husband."

"The General ! What of him ? speak, woman ?"

“He came hither last night, and will be with you anon.—My maister brings him.”

Mrs. Clifford rose from her seat, sat down again,—gasped for breath, and rung violently for her servant, but on her entrance motioned her to withdraw. Deborah reached a bottle of sal-volatile from the mantel-piece, and pouring a little into her tea-cup, presented it to her with more of pity, I doubt not, than she chose to own.

“Great wonderment is bad to bear, especially after a sleepless night, or upon an anxious mind. Was it you that fetched Mr. Dennison last night, Mrs. Deborah?”

“Yes, it was ; I’d been loath to send a giggling lad, and still loather his ain brother.”

“The General would be alarmed if you said he was with me?”

“An’ wi’ great reason, Madam, seeing ye had no ailments he could find a name for.”

“Then you did not mention where Mr.

Dennison happened to be? You are a prudent woman; it might have made the General uneasy—not that he was here two minutes;—something for a new gown, my good Debby.”

Two guineas were at this moment slid into the maiden’s hand, and as quickly laid down, as though the very touch had profaned her, whilst drawing her scraggy neck to its utmost altitude she said,

“Lady, I have eaten my maister’s bread nearly fourteen years;—I love him well, his wife better, and his bairns best of all. I want no gold to seal my lips, when opening them wad injure one, or grieve another. Here come the two, that mun needs be one too many. Swallow your tea, and do your best.”

This advice was, I apprehend, taken, for of course I did not, indeed I could not, enter. I understood that Mrs. Clifford fainted, which was imputed to the sight of her husband’s injured limb.



When she was restored, he had good news to communicate, for he had brought her a title, having been knighted the day before he set out for the country ; he moreover conveyed her the forgiveness of an uncle, who had been offended at her uniting herself with a soldier, but now pardoned her for the sake of that soldier's merits. She was, therefore, about to re-enter the world under the happiest auspices, and however she might have been affected, was soon likely to forget a country apothecary.

That she should do so was unquestionably my most earnest desire, especially as it is certain all passion had vanished as completely from my own breast as though it had never existed. That it had left a void, " an aching void," was very certain ; but yet right glad was I to be freed from a guest which had cost me so much pain. In fact, Deborah's voice in the very first instance had proved a powerful medicine for

a "mind diseased;" for never did I exhibit a dose that so rapidly expelled deleterious matter from a patient's stomach, as her message and appearance cleansed my bosom of its "perilous stuff."

Happy as the General was in the society of his wife, and proud of her accomplishments, he had still one point to carry. He wished to see his Bella's boy, and I, of course, could alone procure him this painfully pleasurable interview. As he had brought his lady a new carriage, she was induced to make calls in it, to say farewell to a widely-scattered circle of acquaintance, during which, I drove him in my one horse chaise to the school, and though we found the boys in the playground; he was quickly aware which was the one he sought. Bella's child stood confessed in his eye in the likeness he bore to his beautiful mother; nay, he was sensible that in his hair, his eyebrows, and a certain dimple in his chin, he resembled himself.

Much did the poor boy wonder at the

endearments he received; but his own warm and loving heart expanded to embrace them with gratitude and love towards the stranger; and doubtless the hours that he passed with us at the inn were not only the best he had ever known, but the ground-work of many others; and if presents and promises could make him blest he was the happiest of school-boys. I could share the joy of neither, for the hectic flush of that fair cheek, the heat of those small, wasted hands, too surely told that the first interview would be the last between those whose hearts were so tenderly attracted to each other, and that the grave must soon part those for ever which the grave might be said to have united.

Within a little year the auguries whispered only to my own bosom were fulfilled:—the fair boy was laid beside his mother. She, who then bore that sacred name, most holily fulfilled her duties.

To return—the General could remain very few days. On the third evening, fearful that my absence might occasion surmises, I once more visited my cottage at the customary hour of twilight. Its appearance was very interesting, for the re-united pair were engaged at chess, but with the expression of countenance which indicated that they were too happy to attend to their game.

“ You are just come, Mr. Dennison, at the right moment, to take my side of the board, whilst I step down to your little inn, to arrange affairs finally, as we must depart to-morrow.

“ But cannot I settle them for you, General? In my opinion, you will play your men better than I can do.”

“ No, you *cannot* do what I want in the village; and you *can* finish the game. You will find the queen in some danger from an adventurous knight, but I dare say you will obtain means to rescue her.”

With these words, in themselves by no means sedative, the active officer departed, and we two oddly situated people, found ourselves seated as we had often been before, but certainly never under such peculiar circumstances.

We neither moved, nor looked up. The servant brought in candles, closed the windows, and withdrew, and we still remained motionless. At length by a strong effort I obtained the power of saying,

“Is it your Ladyship’s move or mine?” giving her title as my first recognition of it.

She answered not, but burst into a flood of tears, so violent as to make me fear hysterics;—yet I durst not soothe her by any of the usual modes of consolation. I was touched with the deepest, tenderest pity; I could have *called* myself a villain for her sake, but I could not be one with my eyes open. Oh! how relieved, how

happy was I after all I had lately suffered, to hear her say,

“ You cannot, ought not to be surprised at this agony, now you have seen this excellent, *excellent* man, and reflect on all he has suffered since we parted. My repentance, my sorrow—oh ! I shall never, *never* more feel that I am worthy of him, never more dare to be happy in his arm—arms.”

At this moment the door opened, and the General entered.

“ Ah ! traitress, have I caught you ?” said he ; for a moment I was half petrified with terror, but in another all likelihood to become happily ossified, vanished. “ Have I caught you,” repeated he, “ talking again of my *arm*, and plaguing the poor doctor about it after so faithfully promising never to cry about it more ? This is pretty chess-playing, truly ! Why you have not made a move ; it is plain, I can do more with one

arm, than you can do with two, so never fret about the matter. What says the song?

Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,  
Those tears but ill become thee."

As the General spoke, he kissed his wife's white hand, and playfully pinched her cheek; but her heart was too deeply, let me say too happily though painfully touched to conquer her emotions, and she left the room for a short time, during which he told me in ardent language of her good qualities, her attachment, seeming to think he could never laud her enough by way of convincing me that he loved her. Poor man! I was quite satisfied that he felt for her all that he ought to do, and often did I say to myself, surely

"Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

The following morning Sir Charles and

his lady bade a long farewell to Witherstone, and within a fortnight my wife and her uncle returned—the former to the home she earnestly desired to behold, the latter to end his days in a retreat which he now considered himself capable from habit, of enduring, even as a winter residence.

The reader will be aware that I could not meet my beloved Emily with what the Irish emphatically call a “clean heart.” They will follow me through a thousand embarrassing questions from my wife as to the charming Mrs. Clifford; and when other men were expatiating on her talents, dress, and manners, think how I felt on my Emily saying—

“Now really Dennison is very stupid; he could see none of these things in the lady, though he visited her every day.”

At length, when from more than usual attention I had for a considerable time proved to her how highly I esteemed, how tenderly I loved her, when we found that



the General and Lady Clifford were returned to India, after engaging her to that secrecy towards her uncle which I felt due to the lady, I told her all that I have told the reader, as he may suppose, to her great astonishment. Having done so, I waited with the patience of a culprit for my sentence, which, to the best of my recollection, was uttered in these words—

“What a horrible creature that woman must be!—I call her a disgrace to her sex. Hanging is a great deal too good for her, in my opinion.”

Such was the judgment of one of the best-tempered women who ever existed—the most merciful and considerate; but I have always found the women very stormy in all points of this nature when speaking of that party yet termed of the *weaker sex*,

Expecting\*from the mortal dame,  
The strength immortal natures claim.

Happily in all probability for us both, a

great change at this time suddenly took place in our situation and circumstances. Our generous kinsman being informed by a friend in the west of England—whom he had probably set to watch—that a very superior practice in the neighbourhood of the ancient borough of G—— was to be disposed of immediately, purchased it for me, and overwhelmed both Emily, myself, and my neighbours with astonishment by the communication.

I believe he had long thought better of me than I merited, and could not bear the idea of my receiving obligations from Mr. Witherstone, whom he disliked as much as he esteemed his lady; and he was the more inclined to close with this offer because he had no doubt whatever that it would form a safe residence for himself, and, moreover, in its vicinage to a considerable town, find proper employment for my promising boys.

Thither, therefore, we suddenly removed;

and well for us all it was, that our removal was one of haste and confusion, so fondly were we now caressed, and our loss so bitterly lamented, notwithstanding the elder of my brothers remained behind, and the Squire, with more of feeling than I had ever seen him display, professed himself his future patron.

Since then, my life has been one of unceasing employment, and I have met with persons who, however different from the Squire, deserve no less to have their character delineated, and their stories told; but I freely confess to my reader—if such patient people exist—that I am become weary of this my new vocation, and hope to find myself able once more to take my gun or my fishing-rod, which are more congenial companions to a man whose life has been so active as mine. It may happen that I should explore through another volume, or may be two; but for the present I have taken off the edge of my appetite for author-

ship, for the days are lengthening, the sun shining, and all nature invites me to go forth into the fields ; and God be thanked, he has enabled me to answer, " I come."

Still I must not close my work without doing as others do, in telling the end of that person whose spirit might be said to have inspired it. I now only heard of his good deeds and his strange vagaries through my old friend Adamson. I always knew his remarkable predilection for being a very aged man, and remembered that his last daughter, born to him at thirty-seven, was always termed the child of his old age, and treated with more indulgence than her sisters, though it was little enough. On reaching the age of forty, he set himself down as an infirm, incurable invalid, maintaining that when a man was twice married, he encountered so much of the wear and tear of life, that two-score years and ten, instead of three-score and ten, became the due and expected period of

his existence—of course he could desire no more.

From this time, therefore, he took up his abode in his wife's dressing-room, and never left it but once, when his sudden appearance in the servants' hall one Sunday after dinner, when the maids were gone out and the men sleepy, frightened several of his ancient serving-men almost out of their senses, as they were fully persuaded they saw the ghost of their long dying master. He now constantly wore a night-cap, roque-laure, and stockings rolled above his knees, with gouty shoes, although he never had that disorder, and used spectacles constantly, which he slipped on the forehead when he wanted to read. Two medical gentlemen attended him, and two clergymen were his regular visitants, by his especial invitation, but on even the elder finding that he always locked him into his bed room—as it appeared to him, by way of taking care of the maids — they alike

spurned his suspicions, and entered his house no more.

When he had pursued this plan of seclusion about three years, he prudently provided himself with a coffin, made from the wood of a favourite tree. Previously to his self-imprisonment, he had performed another *auto-da-fè*, by burning together Voltaire's and Shakspeare's works, as being alike atheistical. We may the sooner pardon this misconception of our good and great poet, because he constantly classed methodism and atheism together, and displayed a spirit of persecution against the former which might have immortalized him in the annals of times now happily gone for ever.

But, notwithstanding his seclusion, his rule was still one of iron; and though he maintained that he was blind\* as well as

\* One of his latest freaks was sending for my brother to shoot a sparrow whose domicile was near his window, and whose conduct he pronounced not only indecorous but

old, he continued to hold his daughters by a rein that effectually kept them in his magic circle. Every one was bound to visit him at stated times, and answer his questions. The intercourse of love he never knew, but the power of condemnation and infliction he held fast ; and as his estates were in his own power and he had always an immense idea of the superiority of his own sex, his amiable, sensible, and much enduring lady strained every nerve to pay and ensure due obedience to his unbounded phantasies, lest after all, herself, and her lovely girls should be reduced to beggary.

One thing I must do him justice in declaring, no man ever lived who took more pains to fulfil his own prophecies. In possession of a large house, situated in a proverbially healthy country, he rendered

profligate. " Only think, Sir," said he, " what an execrable little wretch it must be, when a man so nearly blind, so aged and infirm as myself is so frequently offended : what an example to every bird in the vicinity !"

its benefits nugatory by confining himself to one room, without using any exercise ; he ate with the zest of a gourmand whatever could excite the palate of an epicure, and added to the labour of his afflicted stomach whatever wines his jaded appetite could fancy. Quack nostrums of every possible description were his refuge, thereby rendering useless the medicines prescribed ; and of course he became in due time as completely a dyspeptic patient as any practitioner could desire. Nevertheless it was a wearisome time before the coffin became useful.

Making wills of every variety of description, occupied his long leisure ; but I never heard the contents of the final one, and am not sure that the last was not destroyed, and things left to take their chance. The nature of my profession forbade me visiting the neighbourhood ; my correspondents soon ceased to mention his affairs and I myself was at that time anxious on other subjects.



His daughters are, I believe, married in distant counties, his widow long since dead, being worn out by her attendance on him, and the name of Witherstone is no more known in the land—his house being in the hands of those who farmed his estates.

Peace to his ashes—*they* alone bestowed it on others. And now, reader, I have arrived at the end of my book, “even as a tale that is told.” I have nothing to say of any other person worthy your notice save poor Deborah, who lived to a good old age, and to within a year of her departure was able, to her great satisfaction, to discharge the duties of cook and housekeeper. She had the satisfaction, so rarely enjoyed by her sex, of growing neither older nor plainer; and never did we receive an old neighbour who did not exclaim, “Why, Debby, you look as well as ever;” a truth which was undeniable.

Though by nature a truly generous and disinterested creature, in the latter years of

her life she became fond of hoarding money, and when past work, desired me to raise her wages,—a fancy I was happy in complying with, having pressed her to accept more in vain, years ago. This worldly care arose from the marriage of my eldest son, for whose future family she was thus provident. He was her especial darling, and had first awakened in her virgin bosom those maternal feelings of love and tenderness which are peculiar to the heart of woman, though not necessarily confined to those who are wives and mothers; and I trust they repaid her kind cares for him by their natural sweetness—not that his gratitude was wanting towards her, but the heart hath its own fountain of cares and delights.

To him, therefore, Deborah bequeathed all her worldly wealth, and to me the expenses of her funeral, knowing, she observed in her will, “that he loves to do a good deed, especially to a discreet lady;”

and I trust it need not be said that I accepted my legacy gladly, for we all like to be understood.

In laying these specimens of the Derbyshire curiosities of by-gone times before the world, although I may "some things have extenuated," it is certain "I have set down nought in malice." More than half a century has gone by since my principal scenes were enacted. A new world, with new manners, habits, tastes, pursuits, and occupations surround me. In casting my eyes retrospectively through so long a vista of time, in order to snatch from oblivion memorials of the loved and the lamented, the singular and the blamable, I trust that I have been innocently employed, and even indirectly instructive ; and that, therefore, I have sought to communicate the same to those whom I now bid, thankfully,

FAREWELL.



A

CUMBERLAND STATESMAN.



## CHAPTER I.

“WEEL! weel! Maister Neamless, I’ll say no more about it, I nivver meant tul affront ye; nae, doot ye’re a rich man, an if ye choose to dress yersell like a scarecrow and to work like a neger, for sartin it’s nought to naebody; I’ve nae mare to say, nae mare at all.”

So spoke the fat, good-humoured landlord of the little inn at Porley, on the banks of Ulswater, to a tall, thin personage, who was leaning over the gate of his own farm-

yard. He then turned as if to go away, with an expression of disappointment, not unmixed with disgust, on his countenance; but he had walked nearly five miles, the last two of which were up the steepest part of the mountainous district he inhabited, and his guests would have deemed it thirsty weather; therefore returning without rest or refreshment, was sooner said than done. Besides, his heart was in his business, and though the uncourteous reception he had met with at the outset made him declare he would "say no more," he yet felt a most violent inclination to say ten times as much.

Luckily, as he turned to depart, the mistress of the house came out and relieved a part of his troubles with the welcome salutation :

"Surely, Mr. Russel, ye would not be going without asking me how I fend this busy hay time? You'll walk in, and take a mouthful of something?"



As never welcome was uttered more kindly, the honest man soon found himself in the parlour of Mrs. Nameless, where a pint tumbler of rum and water, mutton, ham, oat cakes, and newly churned butter, soon revived his strength and his energies, and without adverting to the rebuff he had lately received from the master of the mansion, he thus addressed the mistress,

“ It’s seldom I come up these hilly parts, but ye maun ken I’m seeking board and lodging for a lady an her dowter that’s taken to our bonny country, and it’s bad to find : hereabouts folks are too high for the buzzard, and too low for the hawk.”

“ Very true ;” observed Mrs. Nameless, with a certain coldness that indicated as little encouragement to the speaker’s hopes as the positive refusal lately received from her husband.

At this time that person entered the parlour, but as he did not approach the table, though the sound of his

iron hooped wooden clogs gave abundant notice of his vicinity, the wily negociator was not bound to consider him present, and he therefore in the same tone of voice continued to say :

“ I doot I vexed the maister by naming it to him, but you see, ma'am, I said to mysel' this leady *is a leady*, for sure and sartin, though she may be gone doon in the world, seeing her husband's away to the West Indies, an her lile lassie—what ! she's just the thing that would tie itsel' to yer heart strings. Sae, thinks I, she bein' a London leady, an' baith Maister Neamless an' mistress, weel acquaint wi' that girt pleace, for sure they'd be fine company wi' yane another, sae I spak ; but what ! he wad nae even think of it.”

Mrs. Nameless shook her head in reply.

“ Ye see ye've a large hoos, an' a fine garden, and twa bonnie servant lasses, and nice saddle horses, and . . . . but it's nae

use talking, I mun gae on to Will Weather-all's, and see what he says?"

"His house is dirty, and full of noisy bairns."

"Then I maun see what widow Mounsey can do for me."

"Poor thing, she's no bed fit for a lady, and her house is too cold for these southern folk."

"Eh! it's bleak there, sure enough; it'll nip that bonny blossom when October comes; and, puir thing, it's already like a flower under a snow-drift;—times are altered, nae servants, nae fine hoos, nae carriage, it's e'en a sad thing for women folk to be puir, mare especially when their honest, as I'm sure is the case here. If I can get 'em put on some three months it wad du, but—"

Mr. Nameless advanced to the table, and said abruptly :

"I have re-considered the matter; if this Mrs. Caversham chooses to take us in our

plain way, considering us as we are, a farmer and his wife, she shall be accommodated on paying for herself and daughter fifty pounds a year. The two adjoining rooms shall be exclusively their own ;” so saying, he quitted the house.

“ It’s far over little, for ye’re rooms are varry fine ones ?” said the landlord.

“ Don’t say a word, or ye’ll maybe anger him. I think he is quite right, for ye cannot suppose one would choose to get any thing out of the lady ;—that would ill become *us*; neither can we affront *her* by asking less. Mr. Nameless is very right in his judgment—very right.”

This was Mrs. Nameless’s constant conclusion in all matters where her husband was concerned ; but she was, unfortunately, the only person in the parish who was equally convinced of his infallibility. Her present auditor, however, fully accorded with her sentiments, and, having replenished his tumbler, drank the “ master’s” health

with cordial good-will, enlarged upon various excellent properties which ran in the blood of the Namelesses, "as every body knew," and at length returned home, charmed with the success of his mission, of which he was the more proud because he felt that he had managed the most impracticable man in the country, and not only done a serviceable action, but achieved a most improbable one.

On relating the success which had crowned his search in a part of the country little likely for the purpose (since Ulswater as the least frequented of the lakes by no means offers the accommodation to be found at Keswick and Ambleside) Mrs. Caversham, who had lived the last fortnight at his house, expressed herself highly gratified, and determined to remove on the following day. The influx of company was unpleasant to her, and the rooms she occupied valuable to Russel during the short season he enjoyed, so that if a conveyance

could be procured, the sooner she was settled the better ; and, notwithstanding the warm interest her daughter had more especially inspired in the landlord, he took all possible pains to borrow a vehicle, in which he might drive them, no post-chaise being nearer than seven miles. Often as his eye or his mind glanced towards Emma, a pale girl of thirteen, evidently outgrowing her strength, or pining beneath the change she had suffered, he would comfort himself by inwardly muttering :

“ What ! there’s every help up at Neamless Grange ; puir thing, she’ll have guid air, guid milk, fine lambs, fat chuckies, a kind friend ’ith missis, an’ a garden wi’ plenty o’ floors. All I fear is, th’ maister’ll frighten her out of her wits at th’ first setting off.”

To avert this calamity, the good man endeavoured to prepare his late guests for the singular appearance and *brusque* manners of their future host ; but so much were their

minds occupied by painful recollections of the past, or diverted by striking points in the scenery around them, that they entered their future abode in utter ignorance of the novelties awaiting them.

Their impressions were all pleasing ; as they had slowly wound up long lanes, open commons covered with purple heath flowers, and inhaled the fragrance of the hay-fields, they became sensible that their future home was the very highest human habitation in the country, and as it spread in a long line at the foot of a noble mountain, appearing to look down directly on the beautiful lake, and various fine villas, or ancient houses scattered on its banks, from all of which it was completely excluded by height and distance, Mrs. Caversham thought it realized her wishes for retirement, whilst the clumps of hardy fir which sheltered it behind, mingling with the grey rocks of the protecting mountain, a variety of forest-trees planted in front, and a large garden

formed in terraces, promised that it should afford objects most agreeable to her taste.

Mrs. Nameless received her guests at the door of her house with a courteous welcome in words, but by no means a smiling countenance, for it was evident she had been recently in sorrow. The good-natured conductor felt his heart sink at this bad omen, and the lengthening of his face, in fact the pain of parting from the only person she knew in the country, and one whose true kindness had impressed her with a liking for all its inhabitants, gave a new pang to the heart of the amiable stranger. She bade him farewell with a tremulous voice, thanked him for having already forwarded her luggage, and begged to be shown to her own room.

Mrs. Nameless opened the door of a large, handsome sitting-room, in which two casement-door windows opened into the garden, and from which an extensive prospect was enjoyed of the whole neighbourhood, framed



in by mountains of all forms and hues. So far did it exceed in beauty and magnificence any thing she had hitherto seen, and so perfect was the panoramic view, that she could scarcely attend to the meek voice which invited her to enter an adjoining bed-room, which also opened into the garden, but with a view more confined though exceedingly pleasant.

“ Oh ! how delightful,” cried Emma, “ a house without stairs.”

“ This parlour with the bed-room and little dressing-room behind it have been built within the last six years, and are all the better for being no higher. Being completely sheltered from the wind, they are so far away from the kitchen, I trust you will never be disturbed by unpleasant sounds, yet they are near to our bed-room and that of the maids when you need them.”

“ They are very beautiful—very convenient.” Very cheap would, perhaps, have been added, but their gentle hostess had

vanished, and Mrs. Caversham, struck with the novelty of her situation, and full of fear that there was some mistake, began to recollect, as well as she was able, the certain drawbacks to their supposed comfort descanted upon by Russel.

The change in her circumstances, the distance from her husband, the necessity for her exertion of fortitude, at a time when physical weakness rendered her little capable of exertion, affected her, but the anxious looks of her little girl, as she slowly unpacked the portmanteau, in her dressing-room, indicated a sensibility so thrillingly alive to her mother's feelings, that for her sake she struggled to subdue them. They both engaged in the business before them, and although from being habituated to the assistance of a lady's-maid, neither were, perhaps, very facile ; their object was nearly completed, when a voice at the door, in the pure dialect of the country, announced that dinner was on the table.

“ So soon ! why, mamma, it is only time for a sandwich before we walk ? ”

“ True, my love, but we can walk after dinner ; we are no longer at an inn, where our little meal could be taken when we chose, but in a private house, where we must comply with the habits of the family ; and remember, my dear, not to express surprise at anything you see, however *outré* it may be.”

The caution was given at a happy moment, because it was immediately called for, yet Emma almost started, when, on entering the usual sitting-room of the family, Mrs. Nameless announced as her liege lord the person who was just taking the head of the table. His face was so weather-beaten, his skin so dried and tanned, that at the first glance he appeared at least sixty years of age ; and his dress, which consisted of a worn-out shooting-jacket, ragged breeches, grey woollen stockings, and wooden clogs, by uniting the idea of poverty to years, made

the impresssion stronger. Had he been met out of doors by Mrs. Caversham, lowly as the state of her purse now was, it would inevitably have been drawn out for his relief; yet, when the poor, ragged, half-starved, old man looked up and addressed her, his clear, dark, hazel eye beaming in a socket of pearly white, and his distinct, unbroken voice informed her truly that he was under fifty, and in the full possession of health and vivacity.

A beautiful leg of mountain mutton, and its usual northern accompaniment, a boiled tongue, with turnips white as snow, was on the table, and Mrs. Caversham felt aware that her ride and the pure mountain air she now breathed, would enable her to dine at the early hour of one; but the clumsy pieces of meat with which farmer Nameless loaded their plates, entirely destroyed poor Emma's chance of taking her meal. Her look of despair caught the eye of Mrs. Nameless, who, nipping away her plate,

addressed her husband in a deprecating tone, with,

“Why, honey, cannot ye manage just to cut a lile bit thin for Miss? I remember when ye were capital in shaving Vauxhall slices, Sir.”

The epithet which began this sentence showed the character of the wife, which was all tenderness and simplicity; that which concluded it touched on the husband's, which was exacting and commanding. He was the only noun substantive under his roof, and no one could reside beneath it a day without perceiving that the master was “heard, seen, felt, and understood.” He now answered,

“The human frame requires sustenance, and our mountain air is expected to give healthful appetite. I have given the child only what she ought to eat;—but let her mother help her.”

As he spoke he turned the dish before him to Mrs. Caversham, with an air of

pique, and bolted rather than ate the food on his plate. A slight blush tinged the cheek of Mrs. Caversham as she proceeded to help Emma, in whose eyes tears of shame, sorrow, and almost affright, were glistening. Just as she had tried to suit the slender appetite of her darling, Mr. Nameless rose, and saying it was folly to apologize for what was necessary to a man in his station, stalked out of the parlour and the house. He returned almost instantly, having in his hand two beautiful trout, which he put into the maid's care, saying in a soft voice, slightly tinged by the dialect of the country,

“Here, Aggy my lassie, tell Betty to dress these two fish bonnily for missy, she'll get them doon better than meat. I have been lucky in meeting a lad,” said he, turning to Mrs. Caversham, “who has just taken them, and we have this advantage amidst many wants and deficiencies—that every servant can fry nicely the delicious fish that our sparkling streams

abound with. We can also offer you excellent cream, as you will find presently; but I have no time for such trifles."

Emma looked up in wonder, and could scarcely believe the same man spoke, and thought his features, despite their brown covering, were really handsome; his teeth were indeed singularly perfect and beautiful, and the benevolent smile now awakened shewed them to advantage.

As he left the room a second time, his agile step and even graceful gait seemed to atone for the coarseness he had adopted in appearance; and his actual kindness in procuring Emma a dinner, induced her mother to think that his heart was much better than his temper, and she felt obliged so far by his attention, as to conceive it possible she might become able to live under his roof, which a few minutes before had appeared to her impossible.

In truth, a greater oddity than Terence Nameless, Esq. (such having been for be-

tween seven and eight centuries the designation of his ancestors), or, as he called himself, "Farmer Nameless," cannot well be conceived. Possessing a munificent spirit, he yet lived far below his fortune, and professing himself to be without heirs, he yet seemed bent on the accumulation of property. Continually recommending all modern improvements, he yet severely condemned those luxuries which are their usual concomitants; and whilst he sought every opportunity of adding to the wealth or knowledge of his tenantry or other neighbours, he set them an example in his own person of industry, which amounted to slavery, and of self-denial, which added to the dress of a beggar, the abstinence of a hermit.

Desirous of every man's benefit, he made allowance for no man's prejudices or habits, and set down in a place far removed from general intercourse. Attached to hereditary customs, it was no wonder that



he met with opposition where he was entitled to gratitude, that his motives were misconstrued, his conduct arraigned, and his connections pitied.

It was allowed "that he had talents and knowledge above his neighbours;" but as they wanted neither, "what right had he to dictate to them?" and although when pressed they would own "he had done wonderful good in his parish, yet all agreed never to calculate upon it. One happy circumstance attended on all he did or designed, though his humour often changed, and those who were in hourly intercourse with him never could foretel how he would be affected by the incident or the accident of the time, yet his purposes, when decided upon for a good end, were persevered in for years so steadily as to be generally effected.

His mind, like his native mountains, remained the same, although like them, his face was obscured by clouds, lit up by sun-

shine, or hidden by the overhanging storm : like them, too, he was an object of awe to those who looked to him for protection, and of wonder to those who viewed him from a distance ; and few cared to observe that rugged cliffs may nourish lovely flowers, and crystal streams flow from threatening precipices.

The few who loved him were those who had known him long and sympathized with past sufferings sufficiently to forgive present foibles. As he was no longer the man he had been, they trusted he would again become the man he might be. Unfortunately he had reached a time of life when improvement was less to be expected than an increase of the evils to be deplored in his character.

To the young and timid Emma he continued to be a terrific personage for some time, notwithstanding that she was grateful, to enthusiasm, for frequent gleams of kindness, which were by no means

scantly bestowed upon her ; but as she soon began to love his wife very warmly, so was she inclined to resent what she held to be his injustice to her. She also thought he required undue services from the maid servants whom he employed in the fields, and treated the opinions of her idolized mother with a haughty indifference or a petulant examination, such as she had never witnessed before ; for indeed poor Mrs. Caversham herself was often obliged to remember that her unhappy situation compelled her to accept some inconveniences, and therefore she had “ better bear the ills she had than fly to others that she knew not of,” as there was no doubt her present home was highly respectable, and one well-suited to a woman separated by half the globe from her husband.

Besides, there was no denying esteem to a man so much busied in helping his dependants and poor neighbours as Mr.

Nameless was, and she could not forbear to see, either from politeness to her or in answer to the solicitation of his wife, his personal appearance was wonderfully improved, and she was no longer obliged to suppress that sense of disgust natural to a gentlewoman, on seating herself near to a man bearing a sufficiency of external beggary to warrant the fear of his possessing its most loathsome attributes.

The first Sunday the strangers spent at the Grange, Mr. Nameless, to the great relief of Mrs. Caversham, appeared dressed "like a man of the very first world," as the world went in Cumberland Highlands, and inquired "if she could manage to walk, or would choose to ride to church? In either case he was ready to attend her."

Emma had entered the parlour; but seeing a stranger, was shrinking back. On hearing his voice she exclaimed: "Well, I declare, it is Mr. Nameless!" and springing

forward, put out her hand as if to welcome a friend.

Mr. Nameless took that pretty young hand in his own brown, hard one, and pressing it gently, said: "Did you not know me?"

Emma saw a slight flush suffuse his cheek and something not unlike self-reproach pass his mind. Utterly unable to concede to the often pleaded reasons of his wife he yet became sensible to the supposed conclusions of a child, and from that time one after another of his ragged habiliments was dropped, and common, but yet decent ones were adopted.

It was not from respect for custom, which he despised, nor for woman, whom as such, whatever her station, he considered an inferior being, that he renounced the folly he had adopted in pure contradiction to his wife (whom he compelled to dress far below her situation, and unsuitably to her

age and really fine person) ; no, the touch of Emma's hand, the pleasant lighting up of her eye in friendly recognition, had touched a chord which he never supposed had existed in his bosom ; he felt for the first time as if life would have been sweeter, had he possessed a daughter like Emma.

Repeatedly had this boon been nearly given, but Mrs. Nameless had always been disappointed in her hopes, and deeply had *she* lamented the disappointment ; but never had her husband hinted at the circumstance, save to ridicule her weakness or frown down her sorrow—a mode of treating it which drew on him the severest reprobation from her relations and other neighbours, all of whom declared “his lack of children a judgment on him and his house.” Perhaps, as he now walked slowly to this house of God, holding another man's child by the hand, guiding her through the softest paths, and pointing out to her the finest views,

winning her confidence, and feeling his very heart warmed by her smiles, he thought so too.

## CHAPTER II.

ARRIVED at the small but picturesque and exceedingly neat church and well planted burial ground, Mrs. Caversham was surprised to see various carriages, reminding her of the world she had left ; and as all who alighted from them spoke in the most obliging manner to Mrs. Nameless, she for a time felt a kind of fear that she would be recognised and detected as an impoverished gentlewoman. Happily, though glances of curiosity mingled with those of kindness, she saw no one she had ever seen before, and felt it to be a comfort. The bereaved



by death look to their fellow-creatures for sympathy, and feel they have a right to the consolation it may in a slight degree impart ; for all who live must, sooner or later, share their losses and their sorrows. The bereaved by fortune have a sense of disgrace which makes them loathe the pity of others, and find their best consolation in the power of hiding themselves from every eye. The most innocent partake those sensations with the most guilty in producing the evil. In a highly artificial state of society like that of the metropolis, as riches are all paramount, so must poverty, even when innocently incurred, be considered a degradation and a misery.

Mrs. Caversham had married, when very young, a man of fine person, good family, elegant manners, and respectable fortune ; each of which qualities and descriptions were applicable to herself. Mr. Caversham was at the time of his marriage studying the law, with the intention of being called

to the bar, where his sanguine friends and his admiring wife predicted that he would cut a shining figure and realise an abundant fortune, which might excuse his apparent predilection for spending that which he at present possessed.

These hopes were founded on the talents, the genius, the versatile conversation, natural eloquence and conciliatory manners, of a handsome man, whom every circle received with open arms and listened to with admiring countenances. But alas! the law is a coy mistress; she requires the whole heart of a man, his exclusive preference, his undivided attention. Nights of wearisome research, days of studious diligence, must be devoted to her ere she deign to grant an encouraging smile, much less a golden shower. Too volatile for examination, too vain to accept the lessons of experience or example, Mr. Caversham depended on his own powers alone for success, and consequently failed. A flower of rhetoric

is a poor substitute for a mouldy record, when that record alone can give not only flowers but fruit ; and the wary counsellor who will creep on all fours through the winding labyrinth of an intricate case, is far more valuable to his client than the orator who mounts on stilts to stride over it. Poor Caversham had lived in the world when he ought to have been in his chambers ; and the consequence was, that he could be seen no where else.

Our young couple had lost their parents on both sides ; so that when they set out in life there was no one entitled to remonstrate on their expenses, or, when the consequences overtook them—which inevitably arise from miscalculated expenditure—to assist their emergency. 'Tis true Mrs. Caversham soon learned to think, and to fear ; for she was in a few years the mother of several children, to whose well-being she gave herself up with all the tenderness of a mother and the solicitude of a prudent

guardian. Her progeny were all delicate, and one after another dropped into the grave, with the exception of the eldest, who was thus initiated at too early a period into the sorrows of affection, and the solicitude which belonged to worldly care, since she was the constant companion of her mother; and without understanding the pressure of the hour, she so sincerely sympathized in its trouble that her naturally good constitution had given way, and she was become the subject of extreme anxiety to that mother at the time when the long protracted decay of her father's credit came suddenly to an end.

This was "a consummation devoutly wished" on the part of the wife, whose strict integrity could not endure the thought of eventually injuring any one, more especially those to whose confidence or forbearance she felt herself obliged; and such was the firmness with which she met the day of trial, that her husband caught her spirit

and shared her principles. The first time in which he really evinced those talents which ought to have been the superstructure of his rising fortune, was in disposing of his fallen one. After years of idle dissipation and enervating solicitude, the sudden rush of long-delayed ruin, which is generally found overwhelming in its effects, inspired him with energy, recalled him to rectitude, and beneath such influence, "he arose, and was a man."

In that wide theatre of action our metropolis presents, it frequently happens, that singular suffering, or unexpected good conduct, excites attention and elicits reward, from some individual capable of estimating merit, or pitying misfortune. Mr. Caversham in his day of distress found no friend in the circle of fashion where he had glittered, nor yet in the learned body where he ought to have shone, generous and charitable as they certainly are, whatever the foolish and ignorant assert ; but, amongst

the creditors, whom he neither cheated as an extravagant man, nor sought to circumvent as a lawyer, one person, his landlord, stepped forth on his behalf, willing and able to assist him.

This was Mr. Ayrton, a West India merchant, who had been sometime looking out for a person in whom he could confide in order to place him in a store at Barbadoes, from whence he might make frequent voyages to the Spanish settlements; and although there were friends not slow to warn him against trusting a man of expensive habits, one, who having never taken care of his own was not likely to be the guardian of another's, still he persisted in making the offer he meditated to Caversham; for, believing him to be strictly honest in intention, and seeing the clever manner in which he had arranged his affairs for the benefit of his creditors,—by which a very few years would liquidate his debts to the last farthing,—he concluded that he

would give to his affairs the attention unhappily denied till lately, to his own ; and that removed from the temptations of London, his mind would develop all its better qualities.

The offer was of course eagerly and gratefully accepted by a man who sought not only the means of life for himself and a beloved family, but an escape from a sense of shame for the past and with a sincere desire to redeem it in the future. A salary of three hundred per annum was offered, a portion of which, the considerate merchant proposed to pay Mrs. Caversham quarterly in England, saying "that so frequently would her husband be absent, if he did his duty, that it would be better for her to remain in her own country for a few of the first years." This sentence coincided with a conclusion they had been compelled already to adopt, knowing that Emma had been deemed by the first physician incapable of bearing the voyage, or if that was

got over, of living in the climate. Mrs. Caversham insisted that she could live in the north of England upon one hundred a year, and that there was a necessity for her husband at his outset to receive two, and to this Mr. Ayrton assented.

A man may become guilty of a great crime, without losing the affections which belong to him as a human being, or the attachments which adhere to his domestic situation ; but it will be seldom found that a man who gives up his time to idle pleasures will retain them ; the daily indulgencies of selfishness wear out all the finer sensibilities and conscientious self-reproach of his nature. His sins of omission produce the effects of more active vices, negligence and indifference, rob his creditors of their just due, his children of paternal care, his wife of that love and tenderness which can alone sustain her spirits in the ordinary trials of the sex, and his servants of that example which is in fact a part of



their wages and the most efficient reward for their service. By the same rule, though he may have the language of patriotism on his lips he has not a shadow of its spirit in his heart, for he has forsaken every medium by which his country might have been benefited. All this had occupied the mind of Mrs. Caversham year after year, in the lonely nursery of her pining, dying, children. She had found her warm and loving heart chilled by the cruelty of neglect, the ingratitude for her perpetual privations and personal exertions, and she was so far weaned from her thoughtless husband, as to bind her as by tenfold ties to his lonely, unoffending, offspring ; and a short time since, she could with ease, perhaps, have met the trial before her ; but now, when all the better parts of his character had restored her esteem and justified her love ; now when with the purification given by sorrow, he returned to the promise of his youth, to the affections which had slept,

the tenderness of a father, the deep attachment and confidence with which man in his day of sorrow or sickness leans on his weaker partner with endearing helplessness for support, knowing that she will soothe though she cannot assist him—oh! it was hard to part at such a time as this.

Yet she bore up bravely, comforted, cheered, and assisted him, until the very last; but when he had actually sailed, she sank into a state of such nervous weakness, that for a time it baffled the skill of the medical practitioner who attended her in the suburban village where she now lodged, and who at length advised a long journey and an entire change of air and scene, as positively necessary. The pale cheek, the careworn countenance of her only child, told that for her sake the advice must be acted upon.

Once aroused, her prostrate energies revived, she knew that her purse was low; she had heard much of the cheapness of

Wales and the beauty of the northern lakes which she concluded, very erroneously, to be equally so, and therefore determined suddenly to set out on a journey of three hundred miles, and take her chance for a future residence. She had two reasons for a step which would have appeared extraordinary to her friends, if they had not in the continual whirl of London society already forgotten her. At the time of her marriage she had made what is called the "tour of the lakes," and the sweetest memories of her young heart's pleasures were connected with scenes and circumstances in that journey. Often since then had she tried to forget them, as offering too strong a contrast to those she was then struggling with ; but at this time whatever brought back the vivid recollection of her husband and his love, was cherished as woman ever cherishes the memories of that passion, whether it has been her blessing or her bane.

Her other reason was the result of sense, not sentiment. Her only near relation was an aunt, the elder sister of a mother who had supplied to her in early life that mother's cares, and was beloved by her exceedingly in return. She had been enriched by her godmother, who was a single woman, with an estate, situate in the northern part of Yorkshire; and the will, true to the feelings of the dictator, forbade expressly that any husband should be endowed with it during the life of the owner, to whom was given the power of leaving it to "whomsoever she chose, without let or hindrance."

This property came into the hands of Miss Emma Howe when she had entered her thirtieth year; and her little orphan niece lived with her, and constituted the care and the charm of her existence. Happy would it have been for herself had this state of single blessedness continued, but about five years afterwards her guileless

nature was as much misled as if she had numbered half her years, and she literally became the victim of a worthless *roué*, who stripped her of her own original handsome fortune, considerable savings accumulated for a present to her niece, and then quarrelled with her trustees for refusing to surrender the estate in question.

The gentlemen in trust wisely placed the property in the guardianship of Chancery, hoping that the wife, who was several years his junior, might outlive her persecutor, and enjoy her income from this source uninjured; or failing that, bestow it on the niece she loved, trusting in the meantime that his hopes of obtaining it might ensure her good treatment. This hope was defeated, as he soon afterwards visited the place, dispossessed the tenant who lived in the best residence, which was an old manor house considerably dilapidated, and what might be termed, vulgarized, by the habits of the late residents. Of course, such a place of abode

must be repugnant to a woman fastidiously neat in her person and her apartments, unaccustomed to all change, and acquainted only with the *élite* of society in a village near town ;—one to whom new books, new prints, daily papers, and fashionable periodicals, were an habitual want and quiet occupation, interrupted only by the demands upon her time made by the poor for her charity, or the afflicted for her never-failing kindness. To banish such a woman to a place where she had not a single neighbour, much less a friend ; where the stubborn independence of the poor resented her gifts as an insult, and disliked “ the fine Lunnon leady wha was neither kith nor kin,” to the old family now “ all dead and gone”—was condemning her to the death of an exile, in the opinion of all save her husband. He had found the estate capable of great improvement, the country suitable to a sportsman’s views and his own failing health ; therefore, that thither his wife should go,

and there she should live, so long as she added to his comfort as housekeeper or companion, was his resolution, together with the understanding that there she should die also, when she had secured to him, either by gift or legacy, the last property she possessed.

Mrs. Caversham had been placed at a boarding-school, from the time of her aunt's marriage, by firm and wise guardians, anxious to protect her from sharing the doom of a relative so dear to her. And when in her eighteenth year their consent to her marriage with Mr. Caversham was solicited, it was,—after due inquiries,—given the more readily, in order that she might effectually be separated from the coils this bad man might throw around her. They had understood that his lady was giving melancholy proof, that “The broken heart lives on for years;”<sup>\*</sup> that Mr. Rainforth, her “master,” was much of an invalid, and, like many

\* Byron.

others of his description, had, with advancing years, exchanged the character of the spendthrift for the miser, thinking, we conclude, that

For an *old* gentlemanly vice,  
He would take up with avarice.

In consequence of which her tenants were racked, her servants starved, herself—but who would look on such a prison-house, when they were unable to relieve its miseries?

From all she could learn—but that was very little—Mrs. Caversham gave up all expectation of receiving the estate from her aunt, since she well knew the pliability and the simplicity of her character. On the contrary, Mr. Caversham, in all their conversation on the subject, insisted that eventually it would be theirs, though he probably made this assertion as an apology for his own extravagance; yet, perhaps, he was not far wrong in asserting, “that the most



upright mind might be taught cunning by oppression, and that energy might enable even the most quiet character to endure much more than could be thought possible when sustained by religion, and excited by love.”

Be this as it may, the death of Mrs. Rainforth was announced to the Cavershams at the very time when they were overwhelmed with troubles, which were crowned by the announcement of her property becoming, by her will, that of her husband; who on looking over her papers found various payments on behalf of Mrs. Caversham, during her childhood, for which he held her husband responsible. A week or two afterwards these claims, in the form of old bills, were forwarded, in which the writer—an attorney of Gainsborough—used the expression “ Ever since the deed of gift which rendered the estate Mr. Rainforth’s.

The claim was, of course, perfectly un-

tenable. The discrepancy showed decidedly that some gross deception and cruel oppression had been practised; but Mr. Caversham had no money with which to prosecute a law-suit, to which he had also the aversion entertained by the profession when the affair is their own, and he was arranging his affairs for immediate departure from the country.

Mrs. Caversham, however futile these trumped-up claims for about two hundred pounds might be, considered that a bad man, whom she held to be the slow murderer of her aunt, and the systematic defrauder of herself and family—since for many years there was not the slightest regard manifested or pretended between Mr. and Mrs. Rainforth—might find some means of annoying her. In Cumberland she would be effectually hidden, and yet be much nearer to him, and perhaps able to hear somewhat of his past proceedings as regarded her unhappy aunt.

We have seen the result of her determination and conducted her to a cheap and highly-respectable home ; but one in which her solitude was painfully felt, and in which the odd temper of her host gave her the sense of its being a very precarious one ; and she often suffered under a heaviness of heart induced by leisure to reflect on the past, and to fear for the future, such as she had not experienced in the busy sorrows and occupations of the late period.

## CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Nameless was generally severe and distant in his manners, uncommunicative to his acquaintance, repellant to his gentle wife, and haughty, though never passionate, with his servants; yet when his labours relaxed and his mind unbent, he possessed much of that dry humour peculiar to his country, and could relate an amusing anecdote, or repeat a quaint dialogue with a vein of playful shrewdness. At these times he generally spoke in the Cumberland dialect, with which Emma was exceedingly delighted,

and like young people of her age, fond of imitating. By degrees, she approached him without shyness, and accepted his invitations to walk over the farm, or go a little way up the mountain—which he was beginning to plant—with pleasure. His usual rapid pace was at such times exchanged for the gentlest movement, and when the proposed distance was likely to be too much for her, his wife's pony was saddled, and as she had not learned to ride, he led her over hill and dale with all the considerate tenderness of the most affectionate parent.

One morning, after a longer excursion than usual, he prophesied with an air of triumph to his wife that “the child would now eat her dinner as she ought to do.”

The good woman answered with a sigh, “Sae much the better. I fear her poor mother will eat little enough, Mr. Nameless.”

“How so! is any thing the matter with her?”

“Eh, marry! Willy at the Clough has been to market, and he has brought her a letter above a fortnight old, which had travelled before them all about the country, and what should be in it but one of some botheration of a bill, which should be paid to a day. It seems her husband writ it before he set off, and clean forgot to tell her, as maybe he couldn't. However, there it is for fifty pounds, and I think she said almost ten pounds expenses. Surely that's a shocking deal for postage?”

The brow of Mr. Nameless gradually increased in gloom as Mrs. Nameless related her sad story, till it reached the full climax of rage, and at the words ten pounds he exclaimed “damnation!” the most violent expletive he ever allowed himself, at the same time he strode towards the large parlour, now the sanctum of his guest, which he had not once entered during the six weeks which she had resided under his roof.

“ Honey, Sir, say nothing to her ; do not break her puir heart—it’s too full already.”

As the wife spoke, she flung her arms deprecatingly round her husband, but he broke from them, saying indignantly,

“ Am I a man to break any woman’s heart ?”

It is certain that most women who glanced over his habiliments and extended their view to his countenance, would have acquitted him of this crime in its common acceptation ; but that he could move a woman’s heart was plain, for his sudden appearance made that of Mrs. Caversham beat violently as he exclaimed :

“ What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Caversham ?”

“ All this, Sir ?”

“ Yes, ma’am, all *this* which I have heard about a bill and expenses upon it, and so forth ? Why was I not sent for the moment such a letter was delivered in my house,

that not a single post might be lost? Do we not live ten miles from the nearest town? Has not mischief enough occurred by delay, confound it?"

Mrs. Caversham breathed more freely as she gained the drift of these questions, and answered in a tone of deep sorrow,

"What can I do, Sir? I have only twenty-seven pounds in the world, and twenty-five in time will be due to you. My long illness consumed more than myself or my husband could reckon on, and as I did not know the length of the bill, I was in hopes that he would calculate so that it should not arrive until I received the fifty pounds Mr. Henderson will send me when due."

"Um—um—what then did you think of doing?"

"Of asking you, who know our dependence on this gentleman, whether I had not better incur increased expenses, rather than give him an idea of any irregularity on my



husband's part, or of extravagance on my own?"

"You extravagant! oh, mamma! nobody will be wicked enough to say so; *you!* oh, dear!" cried Emma.

"I see; he must *not* be told; to me it is sufficient that you had an expectation of this call and are in part prepared. I am not a man to intrude upon you if not wanted; but since you saw me take money last week, I think I ought to have been asked for the loan of what was needful, and not have allowed the expenses to go on. Will you let me see this thing? Um—I see; yes, noting; um—um—there is already five pounds fourteen; that's better than I hoped for. Here are sixty pounds in this pocket-book, which more than covers it. If you will write the letter, leaving it open, I will get the exact sum at the bank, seal and put it in the post myself. I can just manage to shave meantime, that I

may not frighten these strutting bantams one sees in market towns."

Mr. Nameless, leaving his pocket-book on the table, and his anger also, left the room instantly, calling in a pleasant voice to his man to feed and saddle old Janet, without losing a minute.

Relieved, surprised, affected, Mrs. Caversham, could with difficulty hold the pen; yet knowing the value of time she compelled herself to write the few lines required, but had scarcely signed her name when a soft foot approached the table, and a gentle voice whispered:

"Dear lady, my maister means well always, but, dear heart, he's so rough, I fear ye couldn't tell him *all*; but here's my little matter of notes to make out with; it's my butter money, ye see, and I can want\* it very well."

\* A common expression in the north, meaning that it can be done without.

So saying, Mrs. Nameless laid her housewife on the table, and vanished as quickly and quietly as she came.

In all her troubles during a long period, Mrs. Caversham had not met with so much kind consideration before. She seized the little housewife, pressed it to her lips, and her tears flowed upon it ; but the voice of the donor was heard intreating her husband to get his dinner, which recalled her to the directing of her letter, which was immediately placed in the hands of her host, who instantly set out, saying, "Jewel was fed, all was right."

"Nae, marry, it's far frae right," said the affectionate wife, as she turned discontentedly into the house ; "it can never be right for a man to go working, an' fasting, an' driving about 'till he's worn down to a withy. But we must all submit to somewhat. Such as he is I have him ; but this poor lady has no one but her bonny bairn."

Well might Emma at this moment be called "bonny," agitated as she was by the sweetest emotions of gratitude and pleasure, her dark blue eyes shining through glimmering tears, her cheek glowing, and her clustering ringlets waving in the wind. Hastening to return the precious housewife and assure the donor her mamma did not need it, she threw her arms round the neck of Mrs. Nameless, and, as she fondly kissed her, declared that she loved her as if she, too, were "a kind of mother."

Tears of a nature undefinable to Emma started to the eyes of the good and amiable woman she addressed. Many an hour of solitary repining had pressed heavy on her heart because she was not a mother; and the sense of how much such a child might have contributed to her happiness, at this moment overpowered her.

This occurrence opened the eyes of Mrs. Caversham to the peculiarities of Mrs.

Nameless's character far beyond the first feeling of gratitude and reliance which it had awakened. She had hitherto believed, notwithstanding the assertion of the Pooley landlord, that the man who partook or even exceeded his lowest menial in personal drudgery, must be poor enough to need the price of labour ; and in speaking of the field he was cultivating, or the house he had improved, he had often adverted to the mortgages he had found on the estate as left by a brother he evidently remembered with tenderness, and never blamed the circumstances he lamented. She had, therefore, been often hurt with the idea of her own payment being too little for the many comforts she enjoyed ; but she now believed that his excessive labours and scrupulous adherence to plain food and shabby clothing, were neither the result of necessity nor avarice, but a part of that system of contradiction to the general habits of mankind, which

by keeping him in a state of perpetual, though not violent warfare, enabled a mind of uncommon activity, and a temper soured by circumstance, to find employment in this solitary region.

He returned hungry and jaded, at a late hour—for twenty miles over the mountains in autumn are no joke. But different, as usual, to the habits of his sex, he appeared satisfied with his journey, ate his supper with great good humour, protested that he was well and equal to fatigue, in opposition to his wife's condolences and assurance "that, though still a young man, he had been younger." He even conferred on her the great pleasure of accepting a glass of rum and water, "such as she knew how to mix better than any body;" and whilst sipping it, told Mrs. Caversham how nearly he had been run for time at the bank and the post-office, but added exultingly, "I have saved three and sixpence."

“Dear heart! what is three and sixpence, Mr. Nameless?” said his wife. “Ye’ve been cauld, and hungry, and wearied to no purpose, I’m thinking,—not that I understand such things.”

“That is indeed evident, Alice; but I take it Mrs. Caversham has more sense. She knows the value of money, and I hope she will teach her daughter to know it.”

“She *has* taught me, Mr. Nameless; but I am quite sure if you are even a little bit poorly to-morrow, we shall just think as your good lady does, that it was a pity you hurried yourself so much. Even I could save three and sixpence a many ways, rather than slave *you*.”

Mr. Nameless turned his eyes a moment on Emma, but instantly clapped his hand before them, and, though intending to say something reprehensive, did not find it convenient to say any thing.

“To be hurried as our good friend has

been," observed Mrs. Caversham to her daughter, "is not to be thought of in connection with shillings, but with the honesty he has enabled me to evince ; with the confidence he has so kindly shown in me, and with the benevolence of his own heart. When he talks of saving me a trifle he may not know, though I do, that he has saved me a night's rest—perhaps preserved my health, and certainly has helped my credit—your dear banished father's too—"

"Say no more about it, lady—*no more.*" 'Tis enough that we understand each other. Terence Nameless is not an ogre, though an oddity ; and he is *your* friend, therefore henceforth trust him. But he must now say good night. Emma, lassie, good night to thee."

Emma, timid as she was, answered by throwing herself upon his bosom, as she was wont to her father ; and her "Good night, dear Mr. Nameless," was the signing



of a bond between them likely to last for life ; since, however severe to others, to *her* he was all gentleness and kindness.

Of this Mrs. Caversham could not be aware. She well knew the warm affections of her daughter towards all who in the least contributed to the happiness of her idolized mother, and she naturally thought her sweet child irresistible in moments when the enthusiasm of her mind awakened peculiar sensibility ; but she had no idea that the stern features of her host really veiled a heart of more than common feeling. That he was a man of strict integrity, occasionally munificent in his gifts for general benefit, and capable of private generosity, she could not doubt ; but though he, therefore, commanded her esteem, she could not accord him that sense of friendship she felt that he had a right to demand. In fact, she feared him in his proud contempt for her sex—his coldness, and often rudeness, to

his unoffending and in truth endearing wife ; the tasks he imposed on the maid servants, contrasted with his consideration for the men, thereby encouraging them to follow his example and treat their future partners as domestic slaves—were all circumstances repellant to her feelings ; but she did not speak of them to Emma, whom she rejoiced to see every day improve in health, spirits, and intelligence, from her companionship with this singular man.

Strange as the manners of Mr. Nameless unquestionably were, in the eyes of a lady who had lived in the south of England, and reprehensible as *all* ladies will say they were with respect to his wife, yet we must say in his behalf that they were those of his country. The irruptions of *southrons* to visit the lakes, during the long period when the continent was closed to the curious, the idle, and the ailing, had given a little improvement to the manners of that

class with whom they came in contact, and innkeepers had, to their astonishment, found even lordly travellers civil to their wives, and “ prettily spoken ” to the “ maidens and childer ;” but beyond the business of the road, this influence extended slowly. Through the mountainous district, woman was ever the active, willing, intelligent slave of man. She shared the toils of the well-disposed with loving obedience and untiring activity ; she quietly endured the imposition of perpetual tasks by the thoughtless, the hard-hearted, and the dissipated—not only for the sake of those children whose little patrimony she sought to secure, but because she held her bondage to be just to her husband, and her exertion demanded by her duty to God. Her submission ensured content, though it denied felicity. If she were not the happy wife her tenderness, energy, and ability entitled her to be, neither was she the fretful, resentful, suffer-

ing being inevitable to one educated under a different sense of her own value and acknowledged rights. Throughout a considerable district, the habits of the countries, as given by the *Old Testament*, were acted upon as religious examples, and are so at the present day ; difference of climate and the gentler doctrines of christianity, much less the advancing improvement of manners, never being taken into account. No wonder ! the doctrine and the custom were alike convenient to the northern lords of the creation. Well does the writer remember, in childhood, seeing the master of a house, his man, and two good neighbours, passing the summer morning at cards, whilst the wife, her maids, and daughter, assisted by the said neighbours' wives, were loading and leading hay. Could the squaws of an Indian village more fully evince the lack of civilization in their husbands ?—who, be it remembered, were not the poor,

but what are generally termed the respectable part of society. Sickness and hunger level all distinctions. The wife must work when the husband cannot crawl ; but idleness and despotism are not less absolute in their inflictions when sanctioned by custom and endured on principle.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE scanty crops were housed, the leaves were falling, the days became short, and the glowing peat-fires welcome; showers were so frequent and the wind so boisterous, Emma could neither walk nor ride to any distance, and it was allowed, even by Mr. Nameless, that she ought not to risk the health so happily established. “The time was come for knitting and sewing, and biding within; learning to skim milk nicely, make butter daintily, to peel rushes for servants’ lights, and pot char for distant

friends, as service maidens ought to do.”

So said he who was emphatically the master ; but, although Mrs. Caversham had no objection to these feminine employments, she was extremely anxious that Emma should now resume what she considered necessary education, and which for two years had been pursued in a painfully desultory manner. Finding that the old rector and his young curate were in the habit of coming over in the evening for an hour, now their neighbour was no longer able to work out of doors, she hoped even in these sequestered regions to get a little assistance, the latter being the schoolmaster of the parish. This scheme was, however, rendered sometimes nugatory, because other neighbours dropped in also, to have a chat with him, who was always ready for what Dr. Johnson termed “ colloquial warfare,” and these stout borderers were alike ready,

to a man, to attack one whose gladiatorial powers they well knew, and whose prowess they delighted to try. At length an opportunity occurred for broaching the subject, and she inquired of Mr. Mounsey "if he could find time during the winter to instruct her daughter in geography, regretting—at the same time—that she had not brought a pair of small globes from town."

The curate would have replied ; but before he could arrange his words in the form most proper for addressing a "London lady," the master of the house, whose brow—like that of his native mountains—announced a rising storm, broke out into a strong and pathetic appeal, exclaiming,

"How a woman to whom God has not denied a common understanding—moreover a woman who has lived in the busy world, and seen the folly and vanity of every thing in it—can desire that her daughter should know any more of it, or be any far-



ther qualified for it, than Emma already is, I cannot imagine. I assert, and maintain, and will prove the veracity of my assertion, the child already knows more than she ought to know ; of course adding to her stock is increasing the evil—it is weighing her down with mischief—it is launching her into a world of danger freighted for certain perdition.”

Mrs. Caversham started—shuddered—the words “ already knows more than she ought,” escaped her lips in such gasping, tremulous confusion that old Mr. Castleton, who sat close by her, instantly began to console her, by saying,

“ Why ! honey leady, ye’ll nivver trouble yersell for aught *he* says about woman-kind ! For making a speech about turnpikes or elections, there’s never a bench o’ justices i’ the county ’ll come nigh him ; but a man that bides a bachelor till he’s

nigh forty, seldom understands women and bairns ; but what says our pastor ?”

“ I say ye’re reet,” said the rector, authoritatively.

“ I maintain the truth of what I advance,” cried Mr. Nameless, putting down all that was said aside ; “ in the first place does she not read ? ay ! and fluently, too, in more languages than one,—you grant this ?”

There was no denying this charge ;—that it was brought forward as a *fault* at this period of civilization was astonishing to Mrs. Caversham, but that the accusation was not deemed singular in the present circle was evident, as the rector answered with due gravity :

“ I hold it good that christian women should be taught to read their Bibles, and be able to sing psalms tu athout blundering, eh ! and to say off their catechisms.”

“ Will they stop there ? ” cried the accuser, triumphantly, “ whoever found a woman that could read, that did not use her faculties to bad purpose ? Does she not read history, travels, witchcraft, novels, astrology, poetry, and the devil knows what ? Is she not a thing so constructed that out of all heterogeneous subjects and substances she will unquestionably choose and retain the vain, frivolous, and wicked, whilst the good and noble is rejected by her ? Is not the mind of woman a sieve, through which all strong and good things pass as by their own gravity, the husks and shells, the skim and refuse of knowledge alone remaining behind, to dirty and disfigure that which it affects to adorn ? Since such effects alone can arise from a woman’s reading, would she not be better without the power of sullyng her own mind, by adding corruption to weakness ? The mountain that rises above our heads is majestic

in its simplicity, and beautiful in its heather clothing. If you fritter it into a Dutch garden, or plant it with poppies, what will it become but a paltry toy, or a spreading pestilence? Such is a woman of letters; never may Emma become one!"

Whilst listening to this tirade Mrs. Caversham thought she would make a stand against this sweeping clause, and she began to say:

"Surely, my dear Sir, we should distinguish between—"

But she suddenly stopped, as well knowing that every prejudice is hugged to the heart with increased obstinacy when opposed; and that others would speak her sentiments with better effect than herself. The curate, too, was preparing an harangue, but the orator, whose words not only flowed freely, and were uttered in a clear and flexible voice, untinged by provincialism, from which none other of the male circle

were free, held the ear of the house, and taking it for granted his first position was allowed since it remained uncombated, continued in a tone of triumph,

“Emma can also write—write legibly and freely, and spell so well, as to give all she writes effect.”

“Why there, *there* I confess,” said the old neighbour near him, “I am o’ yure way of thinking, Maister Neameless. Writing cannot do a lassie ony guid : it just sets ’em writing to some bit laddie, and many o’ them gets hold o’ siccan bodies I do really think for that varry purpose. There they gae, scribble, scribble, using up whole sheets o’ clean writin’ paper at a time, and saying a pooer o’ fine words ; but when they marry duce a bit better they pruve for aw their fine speeches.”

“Spoken like a sensible man, Tammy. My mother never learnt this art, (which was meant for man alone) and where would

you find a wiser, ay! or a finer woman? one who brought up her family better,—constant at church, whether fair or foul, as you, Mr. Crossthwaite, can vouch, and—”

“I can, I can,” said the rector; “but I mun say mair than that. She *could* write, for I taught her mysel’. Yere grandfather were a prejudiced man, (sic things runs i’ folks’ bluid) and I shall never be sorry that when I were young I taught baith her an’ my own wife a bit writing, unbeknown till him. If I had not how wad she a corresponded wi’ yere father, or for matter o’ that, sent yoursel’ many a gude advice, and many a bit comfort when ye lived up at Lunnon? If women are not let learn what they ought, they’ll maybe learn that they ought *not*; but I’se never repent cheating that honest man, yere grandfather.”

“The progress of intellect and civilization to which Mr. Nameless has contributed so much,” said the curate, “proves that all

he has said was a joke ; I cannot forget that the contriver and giver of my school-girls' writing-table lived at Nameless Grange."

In the warmth of his argument Mr. Nameless had forgotten the fact of his mother's writing, though he justly remembered hearing she had not been taught in childhood. It could not, indeed, be laid to her charge, as it was to poor Emma's, that she wrote legibly, or spelt well ; yet many a tender sentence, bespeaking a widowed mother's anxiety, many a lesson of integrity and piety, unfolding her character, and confirming his own, rushed to his mind, and by a tacitly consenting smile, he allowed the curate's view of the case to pass as the right one.

After a short pause Mrs. Caversham in a conciliatory tone observed, that of late years female accomplishments had been pushed too far, more especially with regard

to music. "Even petty tradesmen," said she, "have spent three or four hundred pounds in the musical education of their daughters, which would have formed for them a far more essential benefit as a dowry to the decent, but humbly situated man she might marry; and it was certain either the young woman so situated speedily forgot all she had learned, or retained it by neglecting more important occupation belonging to her duties as wife and mother."

"Nevertheless!" cried Mr. Nameless, eagerly, "I trust you will allow Emma to prosecute her study of music; I consider it as the sweetener of all sorrows,—the softener of all trials. Women, weak, helpless, subjected creatures as they are, must yet be deemed the singing birds of society, and truly the world would be a sandy desert were it not enlivened by their melody. Besides, winter is coming on, and when the first snow whitens our



mountains, I bring out an old bass viol, our friend Mounsey has a flute, and desperate as the undertaking may seem, I propose having a piano-forte, carried by hand from Penrith hither, for the improvement of Emma, and for your amusement. I perceived music-books among your packages, and we are not ill provided ourselves ; my wife keeps my stock along with the remains of two quires of writing paper which I brought from London fourteen years ago.

“ One is not touched, Sir, at least I think not.”

“ Yes, it must, I have written two letters a year constantly, and at one time four.”

“ Is it possible the business of life can be carried on with only two letters a year ?” said Mrs. Caversham.

“ Undoubtedly ! the bank pays interest twice a year to my agent. He requires ac-

knowledgment ; what other excuse have I for writing ?”

Mrs. Caversham, though delighted to hear of the prospect she had for enjoying music, her dearest gratification, could not forbear looking at her right-hand neighbour, as if to inquire who, save Mr. Nameless could have so little to do with letters ? to which he replied,

“ I cannot say much on the subject, lady, I never writ but three in my life, and that’s years agon ; my son, who is a sodger, sends us some now and tan, but the wimen folk answer ’em. I am not for fashin mysel wi pen wark, ner ivver was, for that matter.”

“ Neither am I noo-a-days,” said the old Rector, “ one cannot manage sic things at fourscore and four, athout glasses, an I’se be lothe to tac to them yet a bit. I think to give up preaching athegither anin.”

“Surely not,” said the uncle of Mrs. Nameless, “why ye’ve belonged to us for sixty years, and your voice i’ your own pulpit does me a power o’ good, thought I don’t exactly know what yire saying, but I’m sure it’s right doctrine. It’s true yer curate there, is far finer than ye were i’ yer best days ; but an auld friend’s a dear frind : we munnot part yet.”

This mixed compliment was received very cordially, and a hearty grasp of the hand was exchanged between the two, who although both turned fourscore were so little marked by time as to appear many years younger. The relation of the family whose appellation amongst his neighbours was generally “good Antony o’ the Hough,” was indeed a study for a painter :—his face still retained every lineament of manly beauty ; his complexion was fair and ruddy, and a profusion of curling hair, white and silky, contrasted with his deep blue eyes,

which still shone in sockets of pearly clearness. His form, once tall and still strong, was gently bent, but it appeared to be from habit not weakness and when he rowed Emma out on the lake, which was an amusement very gratifying to both, no one could have supposed her *preux chevalier* had seen the allotted age of man ere she entered life. Simplicity, truth, and benevolence, preserved the votary on whose countenance their character was indelibly impressed. All loved "old Antony," even his stern, self-willed nephew always met him with a smile and a welcome, placed him in the nearest corner and gazed on him with kindly admiration.

Mrs. Caversham knew that she could pursue drawing with her daughter without being subject to comments; but she soon learned that both her host and hostess were particularly fond of it, Mrs. Nameless being at one time a proficient, though all power

of pursuing it had been prohibited by her liege lord as incompatible with her duties in the dairy, and her portfolio and colour-box were consigned to the "kist" with her white gowns and other "holiday gear," being alike forbidden in days past by her *master*.

Thus every stumbling block to Emma's improvement was removed, and her future amusement at the same time provided for. Mrs. Caversham herein perhaps took a lesson from the women around her, by avoiding discussions and practising submission to one who had certainly no right over her, save that which he deemed the immutable privileges of his sex, to control rather than advise the lower portion of their species.

Her conduct deserves recording, not only for its singularity, but its consequences; since it is certain she increased her power by conceding every point at issue; for the

moment Mr. Nameless held his position established, he ceased to act upon it, and so far from throwing stumbling blocks in her way, actually assisted Emma's improvement in the very points he had most violently reprobated. He taught her to write beautifully, permitted his wife to resume her drawing, by way of companionship, and thought the dairywoman might be trusted with the cows.

It would be well if married women would study these peculiarities, as they might open the prospect of increasing their influence by a new and pleasant medium. Many a man adopts an opinion or a habit he knows not why, and defends it with the more pertinacity the more it is attacked or attackable. Leave him and his hobby-horse alone, and after a time they will sink into that common jog-trot pace in which wives, children, and servants may amble by their side in comfort all the days of their

lives, while opposition and ridicule—though natural and clever—will produce nothing better than dust, kicks, sore bones, and “biting the bridle” for the rest of the journey.

## CHAPTER V.

THE winter campaign commenced : books were produced hitherto forbidden to shew their proscribed pages, music, drawing materials, a chess-board and men (released from prison), two newspapers a week, received once a fortnight, and an amusing letter once a month, sufficed to Mrs. Caversham in the very prime of her days, for the gay and busy scenes, whence she had escaped in one sense, and been driven in another.

When she had received good accounts from her husband, and satisfied herself with



the stability of Emma's health, she confessed to herself that the last five or six winters had passed, since one had allowed her any comparative peace with this, or in fact promised so great a portion of happiness. There is no misery like the misery of debt to the well-principled creditor, or pressure on the spirits like that which arises from the conscious meanness of subterfuge, the implied lie, the intentional deceit, forced on a heart that abhors what it practises.

The physical air of the mountains was not more bracing to the frame than its moral effect appeared to be to the heart of Mrs. Caversham. It gave her purity of soul, independence of spirit:—the storm might howl, but it never spoke of arrests and executions; the voice of a dun was not heard in the land.

Under the present sense of this comfort, the long winter of this dreary, though

beautiful country, neither subdued her fortitude nor exhausted the patience and good humour of her daughter ; but it was evident to Mrs. Caversham, that notwithstanding his daily exposure to the northern blast, Mr. Nameless was still compelled to bear sufficient confinement to try his spirits and temper exceedingly.

The arrival of Christmas, as the season of good neighbourhood afforded him great relief, for few days passed without giving the diversion of a stout contest with one person on the subject of a vestry meeting, another on the plan of a road ; a third on the merits or defects of a law-suit, whereby one parish contested with another about obsolete rights or unseizable tithes. He would engage with a fourth on the subject of a genealogy which neither themselves nor any one else could trace beyond the irruption of the Scots in the days of the first Edward. Happy sub-

ject! it was inexhaustible; and there is nothing a lover of argument dreads like a conclusion.

These border-men, accustomed to disputing every inch of ground with their northern neighbours, cherishing the history of past raids and forays, "nurse their wrath and keep it warm," for the purpose of disputation. They would find in the "piping times of peace," consequent on the union and their great distance from the seat of government, ever a fruitful medium for censure and cavilling, courage become inert and energy stultified, were it not for the spring given to their spirits by litigation. This includes investigation, examination, tergiversation, determination, and indeed vexations without end, but they pervade and animate society in the mountains "as the ruddy drops that warm the heart." So far from saying, "Blessed are the feet of him that bringeth tidings of peace," in their hearts they bless

him most who brings prospects of war, whether arriving in the shape of an acute and calculating attorney, a prowling exciseman, a priest of their own blood, determined to claim his dubious rights, or a sturdy landowner, "who ne'er has changed or wished to change his place," resolved to withstand them. No matter so there can be a suit, and every man for ten miles round rally on one side or the other.\* We all love that best which costs us the most, and dearly do this independent race love the prejudices which have made heavy inroads on their scanty purses ; but "what's a pattrn without a row to an Irishman?" or a parish

\* "Our counsellor says we must not pursue the suit we talked of for the law is clear against us," said an elderly man in our hearing to his younger neighbour. "No matter for the law," was the reply, "we've subscribed the money and we can spend it ; we shall vex the vicar and spend *his* money mean time. I warrant we'll keep it up somehow." —Happy prospect for country attorneys and travelling barristers !

without "a bit law," in the northern counties of England?

With all the natural love for contention common to his people, and with far more information, if not intelligence, than most of them possessed, Mr. Nameless, who for fourteen years had kindly furnished them with much on which to descant, and much more deserving approbation, had got few partisans. He had by turns offended all parties, for as he had intended the benefit of all without preference to any individual, it was self-evident no individual owed him thanks. Yet it was equally certain as a body they all did, since the parish was, through his abilities and exertions, in such a state of legal peace as the oldest man had never known; and although he determined not to join the bench of justices, that body of gentlemen so habitually bent to his knowledge, or allowed themselves to yield to his "pleaded reasons," that he had long carried

every point he aimed at for purposes of utility. The improvements he had effected were every day cavilled at by the old, as infringements on their liberty; and even the young man who approved them, and wished to live in "sic a world as ither folk," most cordially abused the man, whose stern countenance generally condemned him and his companions, and on every possible occasion in life, demanded that impossible thing, "old heads on young shoulders." Even the wives and daughters visited poor Mrs. Nameless, less, as it appeared, for good neighbourhood than the kindly purpose of condoling with her on the faults of her husband. This charity was now exchanged for curiosity respecting Mrs. Caversham's wardrobe, and desire to form her acquaintance.

Woman polishes more quickly than man;—she catches the evanescent and reflective lights which occasionally glance on her path, and generally turns them to the happiest

account, in those romantic regions where the beauties of nature and the poetic legends of superstition awaken the imaginative faculties. It must also be owned, that if the men are despotic, they are yet communicative; that which they know or which they feel is always given to the wife, who is ever the bosom friend, even when she is the subjected hand-maid of her lordly partner. As she is seldom married from any motive but ardent love, or the preference of sincere esteem, the husband, who most honestly holds her to be his inferior as a woman, yet generally distinguishes her as the first or best of women. The very possibility of preferring another is a sin unknown, and would be disbelieved among the race who combine christian morals with manly integrity; they are always self-willed and quarrelsome, though kind-hearted; they have many faults, but the faithless, much less the impure lover, is a miracle of sin, serving to

point the moral of a song as the produce of a market-town, or a manufacturing community ; but even the gayest lad, who has entered the holy pale of matrimony, is incapable of making his " wife's heart sore," by looking at another. The wedded man will dance at the fair, wrestle at the races, go a hunting with the Squire, take a " wee drappie" at the market, perhaps injure his property, make his wife a drudge, and his children beggars, but his affections are still bound to both—he is foolish but never false—oppressive but not cruel ; the bitterest draught love can bestow, or life endure, is not drunk in the mountains.

It follows, that the minds of the women are exercised as much as those of the men on subjects of moment, more especially religion, and their imaginations, awakened by nature, continually present nurture for the poetry of superstition and the illusions of affection. Give the mother of sailors



and soldiers fancy and sensibility, place her in the land of mists and shadows, rushing streams, scawling mountains and northern lights, teach her old ballads, and tell her stories of "auld world feuds," fairies, and witches, and between the fears excited by circumstance, the hopes nursed by love, the elemental phenomena for which she cannot account, and the ghostly tales she can well remember, and you will find her a delightful *raconteuse* for a winter evening. Having no intention to deceive, or the most distant conception that she is open to ridicule, she will not hesitate to tell of appearances and warnings, spirits in the mountains, predicting storms, lights gleaming on the earth, which bring news from another hemisphere, where, perhaps, her own brave boys are contending with the dangers of climate and battle-field; and often will the tears well up into her clear, dark, eyes when speaking of the innocent vapour she saw gliding on

the marsh last night. But there is no obstinacy in her belief; accustomed to the silence of submission, and gifted by nature with sound intellect, if she is instructed by a friend, she meets the light of truth thankfully, will smile at her own dreams, or rally to defend them, in a manner so *naive*, so full of originality, that our south country friends found winter tea drinkings at the Grange admirable substitutes for gay parties, in which the eye was gratified, and the mental faculties unfed. So much did the historical and poetical supersede the simply superstitious in the details of these good wives, or their blooming daughters, who, if engaged, ventured to join the circle, that Mrs. Caversham had no fear for Emma's liability to imbibing any injurious notions; and often would she grieve when the low, sweet tones of her neighbour's doric was broken in upon by dialogues like the following, from the male side of the fire-place,

showing how little the master of the house was understood, or his exertions valued.

“ Terence Neameless, I knew ye a lile lad, an’ a bonny one, but I cannot away wi’ yer faults an’ fancies for aw that ; ye’re alis at wark about summut, an what guid ever came on it? first an’ foremost, ye indited the raid, what gat ye by that ?”

“ Fifteen miles of the best turnpike in the country, as you well know, who use it constantly.”

“ Eh ! marry, and did it not bring lakers and lunnoners athoot end, driving on neck or nout, or else creepin about, an putting thur heeds into every nick an corner. Can a puir lad drive a few sheep, or a lassie milk a coo in a glen bottom, but some long-legged planner\* will put it doon in his buik ? Can a bairn gang an errand wi nout on his heed but God’s gift of a curly

\* The universal name for one who sketches.

heed, but some leady mun put her gloved hand out of her carriage, and gi him hafe-a-croon to buy a cap? I've had a shilling offered my ain sel for op'nin a geat : it gars my blood boil to mind it."

"Yes," cried another, "but that's not all; had we not twa public-hooses at ither end of our fine lake, where a man if he liked it could get a drop a summut, and hear all aboot murders and hangings i' great comfort; and this guid raid has ruined aw, wi bringing company. There's your quality i' the parlour, your livery servants i' the kitchen, and not a hole for an honest statesman to sit down in. What's the consequence?—not one of *us* gaes neer the please!"

"Truly, friend Walter, that consequence alone pays my labour, for every man living is better in his own house than a public one. As for the landlords, they were poor, and made others poor; and I remember

the Pooley one telling me he had done well, for he had sold six bottles of wine that summer, which he had bought at Penrith. We made a road, and our hitherto unknown lake was sought by tourists. This man now lays in at least a pipe of port a year : he has trebled the size of his house, furnished it neatly, and brings up his large family respectably. He assists all his neighbours : one man gardens for him, another fishes ; and Tom Watts keeps his parents by rowing gentry in the boat his savings have bought. Numbers of cottages have risen at hand ; the daughters serve ; the wives wash ; silver is in the pocket of the poor man, meal in his chest, and clothes on his back. If this is injury to a country, may her troubles increase !”

“ Weel, weel, there’s no denying the truth of this, that’s certain ; but ye’ll grant that job ye made o’ building the schule was awthegither nonsense. It did for a long

time, and might a dune still ; but ye set aboot and beelded it up wi charity, and putting doon yer ain name for a hunder pund, off ye ga to his honour at Graystock, and the squire at Dalemain, and our rich member o' palyment, and gars them as it war to gi a hunder or mare. Then he gets ten punds oot o' me, and five oot o' my son, and so on, all roond about, giving the stane oot o' yer ain rocks an the labour o' yersel and yer horses. Now all this, call it what ye may, wer' charity. An wha likes charity ? Ye haw put an obligation on oor innocent bairns that'll hang aboot their necks and destroy the independence of their spirits. They'd far better be without larning at all, to my mind."

"Nay, nay, Johnny, larning is better than house or land, when it enables a man to get both. Wad yer relation, John Todd, wha I remember in a shop no bigger than a kitchen-cupboard, ha' been at the head of

an establishment, like St. Bees, if he could neither have written a good letter nor cast up a sum ? Men must move onward with the times in which they live, or they will be trampled into dust by the advancing. I love my people better than you do, for I wish to see their bairns become men ; amongst men they have always proved that they had bones and sinews above others ; let them prove they have application and understanding, at least equal to others. We have many sound scholars, it is granted, amongst the yeomanry ; let us have sufficiency even among the poor. If we raise stalwart frames on hasty pudding and buttermilk, why not give sound minds and the knowledge meet for immortal souls from a parish school ? As to your objection that it is *charity*, how can it be worse for that, seeing that the Universities themselves are founded on it, and christianity in all its ways and works is full of it ? *Private* charity humbles

a man, I grant, but public charity exalts him: it proves that he has had merit, or given the promise of it."

"But when ye had done *that* ye should ha' rested, and not gone to mend th' church and improve the church-yard as ye did. Think ye the dead 'ill rise up and thank ye? Surely that was aw pure pride."

"It was very cauld afore he did," said good old Antony. "Who can be bold enough to say the church of God ought not to be kept in repair, and that wives and children, the old and the sick, should be compelled to forsake it? Who would?"

"Why we must say that were necessary; but this planting yere so fond of, what's the guid on't? Ye've planted over yer patrimony sae that yer ane father would nae ken his own land; ye've laid out scores o' punds in lile trees, and given 'em away by scores. The very feace o' the country is changing every day by your improve-



ments, measter Neameless, but have ye improved yersel? what! ye're a young man where many of us come, an ye've worked and worked, saved an saved, till there's nither pith i' yer bones, nor blood i' yer veins, and till vary lately the claes o' yer back wad a disgraced any decent scarecrow, let alone a gibbeted thief, I'm thinking."

"I have pleased myself and fed many," was the short and stern reply.

Mr. Nameless would allow his motives to be sifted, his actions censured freely, but there were two points he could not bear to be touched on without wincing; one was his personal appearance as to dress, and the other punning upon his name, to which it unfortunately lay very open.

This was the harder on his companions as a matter of forbearance, because he frequently descanted on the one, and played on the other himself with considerable

humour, but the moment he had raised a laugh at his own expense, he would sink suddenly into gloom, and assume more than his usual austerity of manners. The people around would say his transitions of this description were just "passing from what he was to what he is."

It is true his wife always felt these jests upon him as keen inflictions on her feelings. She had no smile for the wit, but she had often a silent tear for the truth contained in the jest; and subdued as she was to a neighbour (never to her husband) the anger of the moment would shew itself, in such sentences as "Ye'll go far ere ye find sae true a friend," or "Just hearken to our great folk as to what Mr. Nameless can do," were words that broke perforce from her.

The deep veneration she felt for his talents and integrity, enabled her to forget and forgive the asperities of temper which

made her more especially the constant butt and the want of those decencies of appearance every woman has a right to expect in a situation of life like his, and which her own habitual neatness shewed to be necessary to her happiness. As at his bidding she had renounced all the smart and good clothing to which from her birth she had been accustomed, and which her fortune warranted, and her really fine figure in some sort demanded, she had tried for some time to wean him from that which every hour wounded her feelings by offending her sight, but, alas ! like the Irish boy who said “ the more you call the more I won’t come,” did the increasing passion of rags and labour fasten on her husband, giving her daily expectation that hunger and avarice in all its forms would follow.

As a certain something indescribable but constantly all-pervading in his intercourse with Emma, happily checked the downward

current, to the grateful joy of his wife and the great comfort of all around him, we will take this period of repose to give so much of his history as may perhaps offer an apology for the eccentricity it cannot justify.

## CHAPTER VI.

TERRENCE NAMELESS was the second son of Anthony Nameless, whose family had resided at Nameless Grange, at least a century and half before the Conquest, but as it appeared from family documents much longer. From the very high and remote situation of their house, it is probable that it was chosen as a place of security, and it was evident that it had formerly been one of strength ; it was also well known that the fine country which spread out before it to either hand, in a fan-like form, down to the edge of the beautiful lake, which bounded

it, had once been nearly all vested in the possession of a Nameless, and it is not unlikely that he should choose from this elevation to cast his eye at one view over an inheritance, which however dear to his heart, or flattering to his pride, was subject to those irruptions which rendered property a scene of frequent warfare and a subject of perpetual anxiety.

By degrees, either from force or extravagance, this little patriarchal empire was so far diminished that in the reign of the first James the owner could only be deemed the master of a fine estate, which by an act of imprudent friendship to a nobleman, his neighbour, he so far diminished as to leave himself only the sterile ground which immediately surrounded his mansion, and of all the beautiful spots and picturesque lands, which now claim the admiring gaze of strangers, nothing but the name remained to evince that they had once been the

property of the Nameless family, whose younger branches were now returned to the house from which they had emerged—a house which from this fatal time “felt shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.”

If it is found difficult to retrench expenses in large cities, where a man may hide himself in a crowd, and where the perpetual succession of objects might enable him to elude observation, or find shelter in oblivion, much more difficulty must he experience who stands as a beacon in a thinly-populated country, shut out from general intercourse, and accustomed to gaze with such deep interest upon one object, that their eyes are turned unwillingly to another, and more especially hard is it to contract the sources of expense when it has only flowed in regular and praiseworthy hospitality to sustain its own vigorous stems, or remote branches to assist the dependant that loved

its shelter, to protect the helpless one that sought it.

These hardships the Nameless family had now successively endured for five generations, sometimes manfully struggling with difficulty, sometimes resolving to dare to be poor, and *seem* poor, but more frequently yielding to their natural wishes, and plunging deeper into that distress, which was the consequence of generous propensities and habitual appearances, so that when the father of our present subject married, although his handsome wife brought him a considerable portion, he was yet not equal to the style in which he lived, notwithstanding it was even then most grievously curtailed.

This marriage produced three children, all sons ; the two eldest were born within three years, the third was several years younger ; and in the supposition that he should probably have no farther family,



perhaps it occurred that Mr. Nameless—a gay, attractive young man, and exceedingly beloved in his own neighbourhood, into which no southern visitant had yet entered to divide the feudal attachments of the tenantry—ventured to revive the customs of his fathers.

Whether from that, or any other cause, it is at least certain that he added to the embarrassments of his estate; and it was perhaps well for his family—although it appeared far different—that he was cut off in early life, leaving his widowed and most afflicted partner with her youngest infant still at the breast.

Mrs. Nameless was a woman, as we have already seen, nearly devoid of those helps which are derived from education, and she might be called a total stranger to the world, having left her father's house, which was only a few miles distant, for her husband's, in her twentieth year, and only

found in both the same circle of honest faces, the same round of family affairs, the same simple duties and antique observances; but she was by nature endowed with superior powers, although fortune bounded their exercise. Tall and commanding in her person, her stately gait and intelligent eye gave indications of a firm and energetic mind, and although she loved her husband with an affection of that intense and concentrated character which belongs to minds of deep sensibility and much reflexion, yet she did not suffer her grief to overwhelm her spirits and destroy her energies. With the quiet dignity of profound feeling, which rather treasures its sorrow than displays it, she proceeded to arrange her affairs in such a manner as might best increase general respect for the deceased and general welfare for the living objects of her care; and although naturally and habitually liberal, the first action of

her widowed life was to shut up the great gates which led to the front door of her mansion, and declare "that they should never be opened again till the debts of her husband were paid to the uttermost farthing."

"There shall be no reproach rest upon *his* name," said the widow.

"But it is hard," said her friends, "that the gates of Nameless Grange should be shut; they have been open many generations."

"There is yet a door in which a friend may enter, and a poor man find a corner; a *widow* has no want of more."

Mrs. Nameless was always a woman of few words, and one who to perfect simplicity of dress and manners yet united a power of government seldom witnessed; her spirit was as princely as her self-command was absolute, and what is a much

rarer quality in woman, her perseverance in the more tranquil scenes which succeeded, was equal to her resolution in the hour of awakened enthusiasm and sorrow. The affairs of her husband were found involved far beyond what she expected. Mortgages, bonds, and debts of all description came over her like wave following wave, each more threatening than the last ; but she received all, examined all, never complained, or even named them, but drawing still closer and closer the narrow circle in which her establishment now moved, said in effect to every creditor, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all."

They all *had* patience—they all *were* paid ; many, indeed, beyond their due, for want of a little of that necessary knowledge in business which the foolish prejudices of her father had denied, and that knowledge of

mankind which only experience can give, and which is a light that breaks very slowly on the upright mind.

In seven years time all debts and interest were paid, and yet the great gates continued barred ; for an impoverished estate and two younger sons totally unprovided for forbade, even in common prudence, any action which appeared like inviting back the now alienated world around them. Deep as had been the widow's retirement, her personal beauty which was yet unimpaired—for the calm tenor of her life seemed to arrest the progress of time in her person—her exemplary prudence, and the known good terms on which she stood with her only brother, who was said to be getting immensely rich, had altogether produced her various suitors in the course of this time. These persons had each been immediately dismissed, whatever might be their personal or relative merit, with that quiet civility which best

speaks decision on such subjects ; and in order to check all renewal of similar offers, or perhaps to impress her domestics and sons with proper respect, the widow now united to the general calmness of her manners an inflexibility of countenance which almost amounted to severity, and which, added to that timidity which ever accompanies long seclusion, rendered her almost repellant to her younger neighbours. It could not be said that she sank, but rather by degrees she changed, from being the wife of a man who united the qualities of an English country gentleman with those of a feudal laird, into the active manager of a farm and the actual services of a dairy woman.

The two elder boys were like their parents —tall, handsome, active lads. They loved their mother fondly, and yet feared her ; and even the eldest, independent as he knew himself to be, felt to its utmost extent the

duty he owed to his mother and the value of her services to him, much as he had been controlled even in common indulgences. Shut out from all society—for the wise parent whom circumstances forbade to place them in the rank held by their family, would not allow them to mix in a lower—they naturally looked up to her for all their instruction and all their pleasure, and imbibed ideas of her superiority of which they never lost sight in after-life—a decided proof of the extraordinary mould in which nature had cast the mother, since their education, from its superiority to hers, had a tendency to lower her in their opinion, though not in their affection.

But every woman has some weak place—some corner in which the heart, unbiassed by the judgment, holds her little court of revels, and luxuriates in unbounded tenderness, that tenderness which is at once the charm and the weakness of her nature.

Mrs. Nameless, with all her unbending firmness, her rigid justice, and quiet determined rectitude of life and domestic government, was fond to distraction, and yielding to error, in all that concerned her *last-born* darling; and the indulgence she accorded him herself—contrary to the general effect of favoritism—was readily granted by others. Such was the general impression of her justice, that few people disputed it in that individual case, where alone it admitted of question; and when they looked upon her beautiful boy, who seemed born to excite admiration and conciliate affection—when they recollected his early loss, and more immediate dependence on the mother—her very fault became a merit, and all around pressed to partake it. Never was a babe so well nursed—never was a boy so caressed. As time advanced, the habit of domestic idolatry increased; and as there was no sister for the elder ones to love or



care for, all cares, all affections seemed to centre in little Frank, as the rose whose sweetness and beauty alone shed pleasure over the calm but sterile path of life which lay before them.

From this sequestered path Terence was removed in his seventeenth year. The only brother of his mother had, early in life, taken his departure from the north, contrary to the habits of his ancestors, and having reached the metropolis, was not long before he entered as a clerk into a respectable mercantile house, into which, on the death of his father, he was taken as a partner. The father had never forgiven him for taking such a step, and in his anger he had doubled the portion intended for his sister; but he would have thought it a sin beyond forgiveness to rob the heir of a single rood, so that his paternal estate enabled him, but of course not until it was sold, to come into busi-

ness on respectable terms, and his indefatigable industry and extreme parsimony so far increased his power, that in a few years he became at the head of the firm, and both able and willing to look down upon those, to whom he had once looked up.

He had left his sister young, knew little of her, and had he known her better, would have liked her less; for their dispositions had not one point of resemblance. He never saw her husband, but he always owed him a grudge, for having, as he thought, obtained too large a portion with his sister; yet, nevertheless, he accustomed himself to look upon the sons of poor Nameless as his heirs. When a man has accumulated money, he considers an heir as a necessary appendage to his consequence, though he seldom holds a collateral one as an object of his affection. He could never bring himself to marry, because the wives of his partners spent their money and

brought them children, which, as he justly observed, “ wanted educating, and portioning, or marrying and burying ; at all events they were expensive things.”

Having a *heart* is an expensive thing too, so he had none ; or having one discarded it at a very early period, for no one ever found that either from love, compassion, generosity, or natural affection, he had any such commodity for many years ; at least poor Terence could not discover any symptoms of it, when he first made his appearance in the home to which he had invited him. Terence went up, 'tis true, a tall, unformed lad, neither learned enough for a scholar, polished enough for a beau, nor drilled enough for a smirking clerk, or city apprentice ; but he had a handsome figure, a ruddy complexion, open countenance, guileless heart, excellent capacity, and more of right notion both in morals and religion than falls to the lot of one in ten

thousand, and sensibility so acute, that he was compelled to smother the feelings he could not exhibit, in the affectation of manliness, or the loud laugh of not yet relinquished boyhood.

On such a fair sheet, many a fair line might have been written; but to the cold, unfeeling, mercenary and designing uncle, "it was a sealed book," in which his unhallowed gaze could see not one reciprocal feeling. Terence cared not for money, beyond its real use; and prudent from habit, was yet generous from nature:—the uncle liked not this. Terence in all matters of business was active, industrious, willing to make a good bargain, but shrinking with horror from an unfair advantage—it was absolutely necessary for his peace, that the man with whom he dealt, should be able in his turn to deal also; to have sold a bad article well, made Terence as miserable as it rendered his uncle joyous.

Of course they had no counting-house sympathies, and in their parlour they had no one subject on which they could agree.

Terence loved all he had left in the north to enthusiasm—although he never spoke of a pair of soft grey eyes, which had “discoursed sweet music” at church, nor a tongue that in gently tremulous accents had bade him often a cheerful good morrow, and once a sad farewell;—and all he loved was either abhorred, or ridiculed by the uncle, who levelled all his powers at the poverty of which Terence had never felt the evil till now. Satisfied with the rough plenty of his mother’s house, proud of the attachment evinced to it by those around him, and sensible of that exhilarating influence experienced in his native air, although he had looked forward with honest ambition to bettering himself, and benefiting his connexions in life, by quitting for a time his native mountains, and toiling for the wealth

which would help to redeem the inheritance of his fathers, he had never till *now* known what was the sting of poverty.

But in the rich man's house he found it ; a toil was wound around him from which he could not extricate himself ; he laboured to no purpose, he obtained no respite to his exertions, no reward for his abilities ; he was a servant without wages, a son without affection or claim ; he was envied by many whose situation he coveted, and he every hour felt as if the next would compel him to throw off trammels which he felt to be insupportable ; yet when it came, he was unable by such an act of independence to annihilate the hopes of his brother, and break the heart of his widowed parent. He was well aware that he, who in his ordinary dealings never respected truth, would not hesitate to sacrifice his character, and that the world, which he now found only judged from appearance, would not hesitate to condemn

the conduct of one, who with such fair prospects, threw himself out of the road to fortune.

For some time, perhaps, a softer motive had its share in tying Terence to the alternate drudgery of double duty in the way of business, and treble compliance in the shape of relationship: his heart clung to the half-beloved, half-chosen form which had danced before his youthful eyes, and the power of demanding *her* from her father, of purchasing for *her* the good things of life, and for himself a quiet retreat among his native mountains, influenced him. But as year after year passed away, and there was ever some bar to even a temporary visit to his native land, as he heard that first one and then another of her sisters were married, and that she was surrounded with suitors; and above all, as the increasing concerns of business drew him perforce more and more into the cares which belong

to widely-extended concerns, in which the interests of many are involved, the finer chords which drew him homeward, were by degrees loosened, not broken, and he sunk into the mere drudge of mechanical pursuit, and the tame slave of ill-humour, which he regarded with alternate anger and scorn, though neither were expressed.

Thus had passed the first ten years of Terence's London life, when a prospect of more than common gain, at some little waste of moral, but not legal honesty, induced the uncle to grasp at it with all that intensity of desire, observable in declining life, when already enriched beyond its means of enjoyment. To obtain this object, the entire concurrence of Terence was necessary, because his personal presence and activity were so ; and in order to quicken his motions, the long-promised and long-delayed reward of partnership was now seriously brought forward. All the blood of all the Name-



lesses seemed to rise into the cheeks of Terence when the proposal was made to him, but when the reward required for his services was placed before him, the ruddy drops receded to his heart—not to fortify the citadel, for that was already firm—and his countenance became pale, though his eyes flashed fire, and when his tongue found the power of speaking, the proposal was repelled in terms of such indignant reproach, that the labours and patience of ten wearisome years were forgotten in a moment, and he was turned out of the business and house of his offended uncle.

For a short time Terence enjoyed the triumph of integrity and the sense of liberty, and for the first time trod the streets of London, with the same sensation that animated him as he trod the heights of Helvellyn, or explored the thickets of Stybray ; but all our high-wrought feelings are of short duration, and he was speedily com-

pelled to consider what was best to be done in the distressing emergency to which he was now so unexpectedly reduced.

Had he followed his inclinations, they would have led him back to his father's house, though he had entered it as the hired servant of his elder brother; but he was well aware that, although his mother would have justified his late conduct, so far as it was the trial of his principles, yet she would be grievously distressed to learn the extent of that quarrel, which had deprived him of all expected inheritance, and rendered the services of his best years a blank; he knew, also, that her health had been of late very indifferent, and that she was more than commonly anxious at this time to place his youngest brother at college, so that every circumstance combined to render it unwise and unkind for him to return home, carrying as he would then do, want and disappointment to the breasts of those

to whom he had hoped to bring far different visitants.

In London a clever, industrious man has a right to think he may always get employment, for many such men are called for ; yet it is certain without a friend to help him, in many cases a wretch may stand long on the banks of this commercial Bethesda. So stood poor Terence, until his money was reduced to a few shillings, his clothes were grown shabby, and his countenance was become harsh and anxious ; and he was one day debating within himself whether it would not be advisable for him to turn his face homewards, while yet even his scanty means sufficed for a lift in the waggon, and a crust on the way, when his meditations were broken in upon by the driver of a neat chariot, who, addressing him in the accents of his own northern dialect, besought him to get out of the way. Terence looked to-

wards the window involuntarily, and, with astonishment, not unmixed with shame, (for who likes to be seen when shabby) beheld the pretty girl to whom we have alluded, now become a smart, well-dressed young lady, seated beside her elder sister and a gentleman, whom he concluded to be the husband of one of them—" *no matter which.*"

Though Terence said "no matter," yet he felt as if it were "a *little* matter too," at all events he wished himself or them a thousand miles off; and the alternate pale and scarlet of Alice's cheek, and the twinkling of her lucid eye, were apparently unseen by him; and never did he feel more embarrassed than by the press of carriages which, in spite of every effort to escape, continued to confine him until the gentleman had time to alight, address him, and entreat the pleasure of his company as he found he was

a countryman and near neighbour of the ladies of his family.

Terence proudly declined this pleasure ; but the gentleman did not therefore decline being useful to him ; and having with some difficulty made a coffee-house engagement with him, within a very few days Terence was placed in a comfortable and even lucrative situation, with a prospect of having his talents and labours much more properly estimated than they had ever been by his sordid relation.

That relation, eager to enjoy the good from which the pure principles and uncorrupted integrity of Terence had excluded him, after various efforts to regain the lucky moment, had at length the opportunity offered to retrieve it ; but, alas ! in the endeavour, his health and nearly his life became the sacrifice. A dreadful fever was the consequence of his over-exertions ; and

scarcely had Terence become settled in his new situation, when he was sought out by the servants of his uncle, who in the hour of distress, earnestly desired the return of the only human being whose sense of duty or affection were likely to benefit him in a moment like this.

Terence hastily repaired to his suffering relative ; and forgetting all the past, beheld only in the afflicted man the brother of his revered parent, and an invalid whose age and infirmity called for his compassion. The disorder proved long and obstinate : it exhausted the patience of the patient, but not that of his youthful attendant, who, although he assiduously performed his daily task, never failed to take his nightly station at the bedside of his uncle, and with feminine care attended to his wishes, relieved his posture, poured out his medicines, and soothed his complaints, happy to find that

his presence never failed to relieve the invalid, who now manifested a degree of feeling, gratitude, and good intention, such as he had never witnessed in him before.

When the old man once more returned to the avocations of business, he was desirous that Terence should return to the station he had so long held in his family; but the degree of independence he enjoyed, and still more the use he now was of to his employers forbade him to comply hastily with this requisition. In order to coax him into compliance, his uncle proposed sending for his youngest nephew, whose education he promised to complete, and as Terence was really grateful for this favour, no time was lost in writing for Frank, for whose welfare the fond brother was anxious as ever.

When Francis Nameless made his ap-

pearance, he realized all that Terence had, in the fondness of his heart, imagined him to be; neither the rusticity nor the retirement in which he had hitherto lived had deprived the personal advantages he derived from nature of their effect: for though unpolished, he was not vulgar, and though unformed, he was by no means ungraceful. This was the more remarkable because he was more than six feet high, and very slender; but the manly exercises to which he had been accustomed in company with his eldest brother, had given a suppleness as well as strength to his limbs, which, together with the labours of an itinerant dancing-master, seemed to render the higher personal accomplishments of the metropolis in his case unnecessary, and the very *naïveté* which pervaded his manners and marked the simplicity of his past life, had in itself a charm; it frequently checked his



speech, and often suffused his cheek with an ingenuous blush ; but the deficiency thus exhibited was not defect ; like a veil thrown over the face of a beautiful woman, imagination was only excited the more to supply all that was concealed, and exalt it beyond reality.

When Terence saw Alice in the carriage, she was a visitant to her elder sister, who had married a wealthy merchant in London, and had a country house in the neighbourhood of Hackney, whither they were all going at the time of that casual rencontre. In many a public place had the eyes of Alice been strained to behold the form which, as a tall child not yet fourteen, had struck her fancy beyond any which even in the gay world had yet met her view ; but as she had long ago feared that she was *forgotten* by Terence—the heir of his uncle, in the gay scenes which she concluded en-

gaged him as much as it now occupied her sister and herself—she thought that it was only mere *curiosity* which induced her to look out for him. Perhaps it might be so *then*; but it is certain that when Alice beheld him pale, haggard, anxious to avoid her eye, yet darting a farewell glance full of sorrow towards her, a far different sentiment pervaded her bosom; and notwithstanding her extreme timidity, which was proverbial in her own family, she betrayed the interest she felt for her countryman in such a manner as to awaken that of her brother-in-law, and lead to the results we have already related.

Terence, of course, had found out very soon that Alice was not married, and that she felt for his misfortunes; but he learned from the same source that she had a wealthy admirer, that she was moving in that sphere of life in which he had once hoped to place

her, but from which he was now violently thrust. He was aware that many more years of dependance must pass before the power of providing for a family even in an humble manner could be his ; and he determined to renounce all hope of it, rather than step between an ingenuous, amiable woman, and the better lot which probably awaited her. He felt still a great regard, a very decided preference, and more of awakened tenderness, towards her than he had thought his heart (harassed and woe-worn as it now felt) was capable ; but still he was not in love ; he could reason as well as feel, and as his sentiments in the opinion of his new friend, her brother-in-law, did him honour, and were agreeable to his higher views for Alice, all thoughts of, or at least all *mention* of the subject was dropped, and he declined visiting in the family as prudent for both parties, deter-

mining within himself never to think of marriage at all.

This resolution, though taken early in life, seemed likely to be realized from the arrival of Frank, on whom his heart seemed to unload its long-treasured burden of social affection and kindly feelings ; he was also soon called upon to expend on the stranger more tangible treasures, so far as he possessed them ; for on his uncle's recovery, the demon of avarice seemed to have taken a new hold on his heart, strong as it had been before, so that a bare permission to the run of his frugal board was all he granted ; and although he had positively promised to place him at college, week after week passed, without one step being taken to forward that design.

There are few families in Cumberland of the same description as that of the Namelesses, who do not furnish at least one mem-

ber for the Church, and Frank had long been destined by his mother to the sacred profession; his education had been the best the country afforded, and therefore, strictly speaking, a good one. Terence, however, conceiving that he had talents for the bar, and finding he greatly preferred it, endeavoured to procure him the means of studying the law, which the uncle observed was certainly the best, as a clever counsel might scrape up more money than could be expected in an ordinary bishopric; and after much hesitation, and evidently in the hope of securing Terence's attentions, he advanced the money necessary for Frank.

Our Cumberland Adonis had now terms to keep in Oxford, and when not there apartments in the Temple; by degrees, he lost all remains of his *mauvaise honte*, and learned to talk with an elegance and volu-

bility which not only astonished the old man, but actually made such an impression upon him, that—under the idea of the percentage which such things might hereafter produce—he gave him money for books and deeds to an amount far beyond the necessary call. The churlish hand which had ever been closed to the modest wants and actual services of one brother, opened as if by magic to the inordinate cravings of the other, and that too at a period of life when avarice had reached its climax.

Terence, anxious to obtain his brother's advancement, saw in this conduct only cause to rejoice; but, alas! he could not long shut his eyes to the dissipation into which Frank was now daily plunging, his total disregard to the duties of his profession, and what was still worse, the despicable deceit to which he could stoop to curry favour with his relation, or to carry a point

with himself. Before this power was obtained over the weak mind and declining health of the uncle, he had impoverished himself to furnish Frank with the means of improvement, and the power of appearing like a gentleman. To effect this, he had obtained employment which trenched on the little time spared from the duties of his office, and many hours due to rest, and necessary for refreshing his jaded spirits, were given to the labour of transcribing accounts for the purpose of assisting this admired and beloved brother, whose proficiency in his studies, and whose moral conduct he was thus prevented from observing; otherwise, neither the one nor the other could have escaped his penetration, and at length he was compelled to know all the hideous truths to which circumstances had blinded him.

A letter from a spunging-house broke

upon the blameless tenour of his life, to request his immediate attendance there ; and as he found Frank overwhelmed with contrition and apparent wretchedness, he scarcely allowed himself to make any inquiry beyond that which was necessary for the prisoner's relief, and although the debt completely drained his purse, and literally left him penniless, until the next payment of his salary, he did not hesitate a moment to pay it, anxious not only to relieve the young man over whose sorrows his heart wept in sympathy, but to hasten to replace him in his own chambers, lest the affair should come before his uncle, who they both agreed would never forgive the indiscretion which had caused it.

No sooner was Frank relieved than his usual spirits returned, and care of every kind was set at defiance. Although Terence, in the kindest manner, intreated



him to look into his affairs, and even placed his youth and inexperience before him, as an excuse for the confusion in which they might be found, he yet refused with the utmost obstinacy all interference which could tend to reinstate them. Alas! *his* experience in all the ways by which selfishness attains its own gratification, and sin accomplishes its guilty purposes, went already far beyond all that his elder brother had ever heard of, in a world to which, beyond his daily routine of business, he was yet a stranger.

Frank's person and manners, united to his family claims and the expectancies he professed to have on his uncle, had enabled him to join the society of young men of fashion in Oxford, and his beauty, aided by the style of manners thus acquired, had rendered him attractive to women of various descriptions, all alike injurious

to him, and utterly subversive of his views in life.

From this time it appeared as if, the ice once broken, there was no end to the distress, degradation, partial triumphs of unprincipled dissipation of this wicked, infatuated but still interesting and too well-beloved young man, who still continued to retain the affection of that very brother whose indignation he perpetually incited, and a kind of regard even from the uncle whose stores he was ever seeking to invade. Poor Terence stood between him and all danger from that quarter, and although he was now openly the acknowledged heir of his uncle, and had therefore a prospect of being soon enabled to dispose of the accumulations of his life, he yet wished Frank to be a partaker rather from his uncle's will than his own personal bounty, for as his past life had been galled by the

fetters of dependance, he knew their weight too well to wish another to feel them.

It would be a painful task to trace the sufferings of Terence, as now caused by the conduct of this cherished darling, by which he was kept in perpetual alarm, depressed circumstances, endless labour, and subjected to a sense of disgrace, which is the keenest pang a noble spirit can bear, and which, in despite of all reasoning on the subject, we all feel in the infamy of near connection with the base and worthless.

During seven long years Terence endured all this in silence, seeking to save his mother from knowing the part her darling child sustained in life, and he had at that time the mournful satisfaction of closing her eyes in death, before they had wept over Frank's transgressions. His stay was necessarily short, but he was compelled to see that Nameless Grange had not improved

under the management of his brother, yet that brother was still single; that he was a good farmer, a man addicted to no vice, or any expense, except hunting, which he could surely well afford. Terence had much anxiety and many fears, yet he dared not to make inquiries, lest he should be induced to make disclosures also; and thus these two brothers, each possessing the utmost confidence, and feeling the utmost esteem for the other, parted after a short and sorrowful meeting, without either daring to reveal the difficulties to which both were alike reduced, by the vampire which, in different ways, had long sucked the life-blood from the veins of each.

“Nameless Grange is sinking to decay—no matter! in a few years there will no longer be a Nameless. *I* must not marry, my eldest brother does not, and I am sure the youngest cannot.”

Such were Terence’s melancholy medita-

tions as he returned from the house of his ancestors. Frank was in Ireland with a party of pleasure, when he had been summoned to attend the death-bed of that mother whose only fault had been the indulgence which she had shown him. He returned to London just before Terence arrived there, and the bad terms on which they had last met were forgotten in the shock which the thoughtless libertine actually received on learning the unexpected death of his only parent, who died of a fever in the prime of her days.

Sorrow produced confession, and in the course of Frank's visit Terence learnt with feelings little short of horror in the first moment, that his infatuated brother had during his absence actually married a young person in the north of Ireland, to whose respectable family their union was still a secret—but one that must soon be divulged,

—that he was, as usual, entirely without means of support, but so humbled, that he would thankfully accept of even the most servile employment, if he could support himself and his wife, who was yet a minor, and whose fortune when obtained would be trifling.

It had frequently been the task of Terence to seek employ for his improvident relative at those times when he was rendered destitute ; but, as it had never occurred to him to find any thing which Frank could, or would do, he had for some time declined the task as hopeless ; but, in the present instance, conceiving the necessity to be more pressing than ever, he was induced to desire to place him in his uncle's service, if the partners of the house permitted it. In this endeavour he was, however, successfully opposed ; and in the course of the investigation of Frank's character, which this

unlucky effort led to, many things reached the old man's ears which had been hitherto carefully concealed, in consequence of which Frank was now banished his house entirely, forbidden to hope for further favour, and Terence was implicated in his crime.

Severely hurt at the bad success of his endeavour, Terence again yielded the utmost relief in his power ; and, pitying the forlorn situation of the young woman, who had thus precipitated herself and unborn offspring to ruin, by entering his family, he ventured to petition their eldest brother to invite them to *his* house, and from the answer received to his letter, first learnt that Frank had for several years past so pressed upon his eldest brother, and worked upon his affections, his family pride, his fears for their mother's happiness, or his principles as an honest man (in some measure considered responsible for a younger brother)

that he had completely drained him of their mother's savings, and compelled him not only to give up all hopes of establishing a family himself, but to mortgage his lately redeemed estate, and subject him to innumerable privations. With all this an asylum to the unfortunate wife was not denied, and at Terence's expense she removed thither by way of Scotland, and there gave birth to the son with whom she was then pregnant.

A short time only elapsed before Terence (ever necessary to soothe the pains and ameliorate the ill-humour of his uncle) was again restored to his usual situation, and after a time he once more became an inmate in his house. The old man at this period having an offer of a large sum of money for his share in the business, chose to accept it, (such was his inveterate love of money) instead of giving the business to that



nephew for whom he professed to be accumulating wealth. Terence was much hurt at this circumstance, because he could in that case have provided for Frank, who still lay a useless burden on his hands, having no energies save at the call of pleasure, which the equally exhausted state of his two brothers prevented him from enjoying; he was, however, in some degree once more restored to the good graces of his uncle, and on his learning that he was become a father, he condescended to bestow a trifling present on his wife.

Nameless Grange was open to Frank, and, of course, his unfortunate wife earnestly intreated him to partake with her the lonesome solitude, but sincere welcome it afforded; but under pretext of London being the only place where a man could find employment, he evaded returning to the home his vices had impoverished until

her minority expired, when he hastened down to take her into Ireland, and claim the provision left her by her parents from the hands of her guardian, who was her nearest relation. To the surprise of Terence he soon re-appeared in London without *her*, but not without her money, as all his habits of expense had evidently returned. He said :

“ That his Julia’s cousin being now reconciled to their marriage, she had deemed it prudent that herself and infant should remain some time with *him*, in order further to conciliate him, as he was a widower of large fortune, and one who had much in his power.”

But alas ! Terence found but too soon that the fortune of this imprudent, but unfortunate young creature, was now being squandered on a worthless woman, for whose blandishments she had undoubtedly

been forsaken ; but before he had time to see and reproach the unworthy brother whose conduct he abhorred, he was suddenly called to the north, in consequence of the accidental death of that amiable brother he esteemed truly and bitterly deplored.

Mr. Nameless was seized with the cramp whilst bathing, and drowned before assistance could be procured by the friend who accompanied him. Poor Terence found that he had died intestate, and of course the family estate descended to him, with all its burden of obligation and debts, which were even considerably increased since the death of his mother. All around bespoke poverty and desolation ; and he read in broken gates, unmended fences, falling barns, and unweeded gardens, the unhappy state of the late owner's mind ; who, possessing equal sensibility but less energy than himself, had suffered their mutual dis-

appointment to prey upon his spirits, unnerve his mind, and entirely prevent him from using the few resources yet within his power for retrieving his affairs.

But for the last-mentioned stroke of misconduct in Frank, Terence would have immediately established him at the Grange, and by applying the profits of his own earnings at the place, have endeavoured to repair its dilapidations and restore its respectability ; but from the systematic adulterer, the deserter of his own blood, his heart shrank, and a very little reflection showed him the utter improbability of hoping that an idle, dissipated gamester, habituated to luxury, unable to endure reflection, and incapable of exertion, could ever return to the wholesome exercise and simple pleasures of his youth ; still less could he reconcile it to his conscience to bring such an example among his uncor-

rupted neighbours, such a stain into the abode of his ancestors.

Terence's return to London was hastened by a letter from one of his employers—all of whom highly esteemed him, and at this time liberally rewarded his services—to say “that his uncle was either dead or dying, and of course his presence was necessary; although it was only justice to add, that Mr. Francis had been unceasing in his attention to the old man ever since his seizure, which, being apoplectic, had rendered him insensible from the first.”

“Ah! my poor brother, thou hast died too soon,” was the first exclamation of Terence, as his eyes became filled with tears, and the thought of how much he could now have done to help him rushed upon his heart. The wealth he was hastening to possess seemed to come too late to restore happiness or redeem character; it fell like

showers upon the rock. But at eight and thirty it is not too late for the sensibilities of the heart to revive, and the gifts of fortune to be properly enjoyed. His friend hoped *that* for him, which he could not hope for himself.

When Terence arrived at his uncle's house, the closed windows intimated that all was over. He perceived, too, that preparations were making for the funeral; but he felt surprised that among the strangers necessary for the awful task, not one of the former servants could be found, nor any person who seemed to recognise *him*, or be aware of his claims to attention; and wearied as he was with a journey of three hundred miles, he felt it necessary to inquire for another resting place than that his own house afforded.

Whilst desiring one of the undertaker's men to fetch him a hackney coach, the

principal himself appeared, and bowing with an air of embarrassment in his countenance, informed him "that the funeral was fixed for the following day, and his presence would be certainly desired by Mr. Nameless, the *executor*."

"I am the person of whom you speak," replied Terence, "and I would rather that the last duties were not paid till the following morning. Yet if all is ordered—if it is necessary—I must agree."

"A—hem. The funeral goes down to the estate in Wiltshire. It is so ordered in the will."

"I must see Mr. Walter upon it. I suppose this circumstance has obliged him to bring the will forward, otherwise it would be premature."

"Mr. Walter, hem! hem! I beg pardon, Sir, that is the gemman as was here this morning, and he seemed to wish to make a

piece of work—but it wouldn't do—wouldn't do at all, Sir. I says, says I, I am put in by the *real* heir and executor, Francis Nameless, Esq., as he *now* is, though as I takes it, he'll take testator's name, and as to all you says, or any other lawyer, that's nothing to me. Not, Sir, but of course if any thing improper is done, why I must be paid by the *raal* heir;—as to my bills I defy any body to say they can perform cheaper — hearses, plumes, scutcheons, truncheon men, mutes, coachmen, and so forth included; and as to the article of coffins, I'll venture to say, Sir, that you will not meet with a person that can suit you, or any other gemman better."

The undertaker looked up, probably to measure his auditor by his eye for his last house, but that auditor was gone, he had entered the hackney-coach and ordered it to drive to the attorney of his



late uncle, with whom his will and other papers of consequence were deposited.

Mr. Walter, the attorney, was by no means surprised to see him, though it was now late in the evening, for he was aware of the overwhelming astonishment which must seize him on hearing of any other will than that which he still held; but he informed Terence, "that immediately after the death of the testator, he had been summoned to his house, and required to deliver up the bonds and other documents in his hands, and compelled to listen to a will executed as it appeared by the deceased a few days previous to his death, in which Francis Nameless was appointed his sole heir, although with an affectation of justice, one thousand pounds were bequeathed to Terence, and a few trifling legacies to his oldest servants."

"This paper," added Mr. Walter, "is

regularly witnessed, and no form seems wanting to its validity; but it is notorious that all the old servants are out of the way, that the attorney employed was an utter stranger, and the medical men are all decidedly of opinion, that the deceased could neither hold a pen, understand a sentence, or by any possible action dictate a single line; in fact, the only symptom of sanity he ever discovered, from the moment of his seizure to that of his departure, was evincing a wish for you."

"Poor old man! he did not then deceive me, and for all the rest I must forgive him," said Terence.

"That the whole is a forgery can admit of no possible doubt; and notwithstanding the difficulties which properly belong to setting wills aside, in this case I believe it might be done with little, for it is a downright, barefaced robbery."

“ And in what way would the perpetrator of such a robbery become amenable to the law ?”

“ As a *felon* certainly ! In my opinion hanging is too good for him in the present case, for he has not merely violated all law, but all the principles which bind society together.”

A deadly qualm, a cold shivering of the limbs, and a half-uttered observation, “ that his journey was too much for him,” was Terence’s only reply. He went to his inn, and for some days he was shut up in his room, but though looking wretchedly, and eating nothing, he refused to acknowledge he was ill. As soon as he was able to make his appearance at his office, he announced to his employers “ an intention of removing to his native country the moment his place could be supplied.”

An increase of salary was offered to him,

an assistant in his department, and finally a share in the concern, all of which were thankfully, but fully declined.

“ But you are in the very prime of life, Mr. Nameless, and you have not the *means* of retiring ?”

“ I *am* in the prime of life, I *can* work, and I *will* work, but it shall be among men, not crocodiles ;—pardon me, you *are* men, and kind ones too ; you took me from poverty, and you would have made me rich, but I cannot live any longer in this town ; my health—yes ! my health requires my native air.”

The bilious skin, the hollow eye, and sinking chest of Terence, rendered this appeal irresistible ; and since he could not be retained, he was suffered to depart immediately, for a very few days sufficed to settle affairs, which had never known derangement. He received from his late home

the wardrobe and other things he had left there ; but to various advances made by the present owner towards personal intercourse he was invulnerable ; one only gleam of satisfaction passed his breast on this subject, it was that of learning that the wife of Frank had arrived to share the splendid fortune in which he was now revelling ; but this was the last ray he ever permitted to glance upon his heart, from a source he loathed, despised, and reprobated.

It was winter when Terence arrived at Nameless Grange, and every thing looked even more wretched than before ; but its desolation was welcome to the withered heart and perverted feelings of the owner, who felt in its contrast to his wonted comforts and just expectations, a kind of right to the indulgence of indignant emotions and angry complaints. Too proud to advert to his actual wrongs, and determined never to

suffer the name of his brother to pass his lips, or be made the subject of remark or inquiry in his presence, he yet permitted the ill-humour Frank had excited, to expend itself on all within his circle, unconscious of the tyranny he was exercising. Accustomed to consider himself as injured and trampled upon, he forgot that his wrongs were not read in his countenance, but met every advance to friendship as if it were dictated by curiosity which insulted, or hypocrisy which disgusted him ; and during the first winter, his hand was against every man, and of course every man's hand against him.

But the curse of Ishmael, though it might light upon Terence, could not remain with him ; and as soon as the season permitted, he plunged at once into all the severe labours and coarse avocations of toiling husbandry. With a kind of savage hostility to his former

habits, he adopted the meanest clothing, the plainest food, and the most laborious work. In a short time the consciousness of being equal to the task he had assigned himself, encouraged him to proceed ; his nervous irritability became less, and his bile was gone ; he slept soundly and awoke refreshed ; his love for his neighbourhood returned, and he rejoiced that he was an inhabitant of his native mountains, not because they had taken him from the haunts of men, but because there were yet men to be found whom he might in some manner benefit, without affecting to love.

Dean Swift, in one of his misanthropical effusions says, “ he hates mankind as a species, but he can love Dick, Tom, or Ned as well as any one.” The misanthropy of Nameless took a different direction ; he had now no *individual* for whom he cared, but he loved every group of children he saw, and a little company of aged people warmed

his heart in despite of the coldness he endeavoured to wrap it in ; by degrees, therefore he went out of his own domestic circle to secure good for others, and notwithstanding the embarrassments which still loaded him, and the privations he personally endured to redeem his estate, he yet on every worthy occasion bestowed donations with a princely spirit and applied his knowledge and his labour with the head of a Solomon, and the strength of a Sampson, and though still living as a recluse in his house, he was far the most important person in his parish.

The second spring had risen on his labours when an event occurred which by greatly increasing his power, and relieving his embarrassments, restored him a little to society ; this was the death of an old man who had been many years in the service of his late uncle, and who, struck with the injustice with which Terence had been treated,



left him the accumulated savings of a long life, having himself survived his relations. With this welcome legacy, Terence not only emancipated his paternal acres from thralldom, but was enabled to build, plant, drain and cultivate wherever it was required, and by a lucky purchase considerably increase the estate.

He was enabled also to marry.

Alice, now arrived at her thirty-fourth year, was yet the fairest maid in her parish, and the duteous attentions with which she attended on her parents, whose youngest child she was, rendered her the theme of panegyric to every aged person. It was said "that she had refused many a good offer for *their* sakes, because all the rest of her sisters were married to the south;" perhaps this was the case, for it is certain that a more tender child never existed. When, however, Terence, in an unlover-like way made advances in all the roughness of

his newly-adopted character, Alice made as little opposition to his wishes as could be expected from so steady a maiden.

Her parents were both hastening to the grave, and they bestowed her upon him with pleasure, and a handsome portion into the bargain. The death of these good people one after the other, by calling her from home for a considerable time, gave the habits of her husband time to grow upon him, and before she could be called settled as a wife, he might be considered a confirmed old bachelor.

The progress of time is allowed by all to have a fatal effect on that vivacity of temper and tenderness of heart which constitute the best part of love; but perhaps even time itself is less injurious to this exquisite plant than the wearisome drudgery of unrequited toil, where hope sickens at the long perspective before her. Disappointment, ingratitude, contempt of mankind,

all tend in general to destroy those generous ardours and disinterested attachments, which belong to the first blossoms of life.

Terence had suffered all these, his heart was sobered by time, and chilled by habit, even before it was contracted by suffering ; and he even affected to have all these effects upon him much stronger than he really had. Of course nothing could be more unlover-like than he was when he wooed that gentle, simple, yet sensible and good woman, who took him with all his failings, without the hope of reforming his peculiarities, but certainly not without that of being beloved the more for bearing with them.

She was not aware that no man adopts any error till he has lost the sense of its being such, and that many a well-meaning man who would either shun a directly vicious propensity, or having fallen into the snare, repent it with contrition, may yet, day by

day, practise unconsciously some minor fault, destructive of domestic happiness and of course unworthy of his own character.

Mr. Nameless highly esteemed, nay he even tenderly *loved* his wife ; that constancy of affection, that purity of principle, that devotedness to her parents, that unobtrusive but never failing piety to God, which he well knew her to possess, were all duly weighed in his own heart, but it was only *there*, for in his manners little of the effects of his judgment was perceptible. These were negligent or severe, as his avocations engaged, or his humour affected him.

Of women, their peculiarities, infirmities, privileges, errors, or endearments, he was totally ignorant, and he seemed determined to remain so, lest he should in any way compromise the rude independence and untrammelled liberty of life he had adopted. To his mother he had ever looked up ; but

on all the rest of her sex he looked down ; and although he allowed to all of his *own* sex, however inferior their condition, that manly independence of conduct and opinion which was ever adopted by himself towards his employers, yet he had no notion of any *woman* being other than the abject slave of man, whom it was his duty indeed to protect, but his privilege to despise. He was too upright to use any woman ill, but he was deficient in perception of her just claims and her real situation in civilized society, and was not aware that unmerited austerity, long fits of silence, petty acts of parsimony, or even those of bounty in which she is not made a party, dress which disgusts her, and employments which derange the comforts of her house, are all so many sins against wedded harmony, and acts of unkindness, which corrode the heart of a tender, obedient and confiding wife.

It may be said, “ that though obedience is

a 'wife's first duty, yet self-respect is a second," and "that when an otherwise good man falls from habit or humour into little errors, such a one should be gently admonished ;" but really *gentle* admonition is so scarce, *severe*, and so disagreeable, that I cannot bring myself to recommend the practise to ladies, but I would appeal to the feelings of every honest, honourable man against himself on these occasions, and as soon as any one can bring home Nathan's words, "thou art the man," to his own bosom, he will not hesitate to amend his way.

To return to poor Terence: his estate now looked well and yielded well, both to himself and tenants, for whose welfare he was ever most anxious ; but he still laboured as if his passion for work and rags was inexhaustible, and his wife and servants were in this respect rendered bone of his bone. The affairs of the parish, like Desdemona's house affairs, would indeed "draw him

thence ;” but like her, he dispatched them with as much speed as he could, that he might return to labour, of which he was no niggard, even for strangers as well as neighbours ; and his ambition was gratified still more when the old men declared him “ the best ditcher in the country,” than when a bench of magistrates acknowledged the soundness of his arguments, and admired the precision, vigour, and unvarnished, but manly eloquence of his style. This style was certainly his own, for in his whole life he had never had time for reading, and for the punishment of his wife, whom he once caught weeping over a bit of a love-story bought of a wandering pedlar, every book, save the Bible and Common Prayer-book, were banished the house, and even these were interdicted, save at those hours when it was well known the cares of the dairy forbade their use. “ Practise what you hear, and receive your knowledge from the

rector," was Terence's constant maxim to others, and, unlike many lawgivers, he gave example as well as precept.

Yet it is certain that if he had not studied much, he had caught up scraps of law-knowledge with which he edified, astonished, or vexed the natives; for he quoted authors of this description with a faithfulness of memory and accuracy of language, which proved how well such studies accorded with his taste. When visiting Frank, and waiting his slow motions in the morning, or his late return to his chamber in the evening, Coke upon Littleton laid upon the table as a matter of course, or a few scattered reports had engaged him, and the otherwise wearisome time passed on unheeded; and these dull details being unmixed with "baser or lighter matter," kept possession of his brain through many a long walk in the environs of the metropolis, during the only day in which he



could take that salutary exercise in which he ever delighted. These subjects in his maturer years, when sorrow had wounded and care oppressed him, took place of those buoyant dreams he had formerly indulged in a walk to Primrose Hill, when every pretty girl he met reminded him of Alice, or a solitary ramble on Hampstead Heath, when the breeze seemed to breathe of the far distant mountains where his heart reposed.

Within a few years after Terence's return, things wore, as we have already said, a very different appearance in his neighbourhood, and the little property which changed its owners, became more than double its value, and even that which remained in the same hands was beautified and enriched, without being drilled into formality, or tortured into the picturesque. The roads drew visitors, the visitors became admirers, and land was purchased, mansions built, and the poor

employed, in a district which, though thin in population, had hitherto been unable to rear the hardy race of "bold peasantry" to which she had given birth.

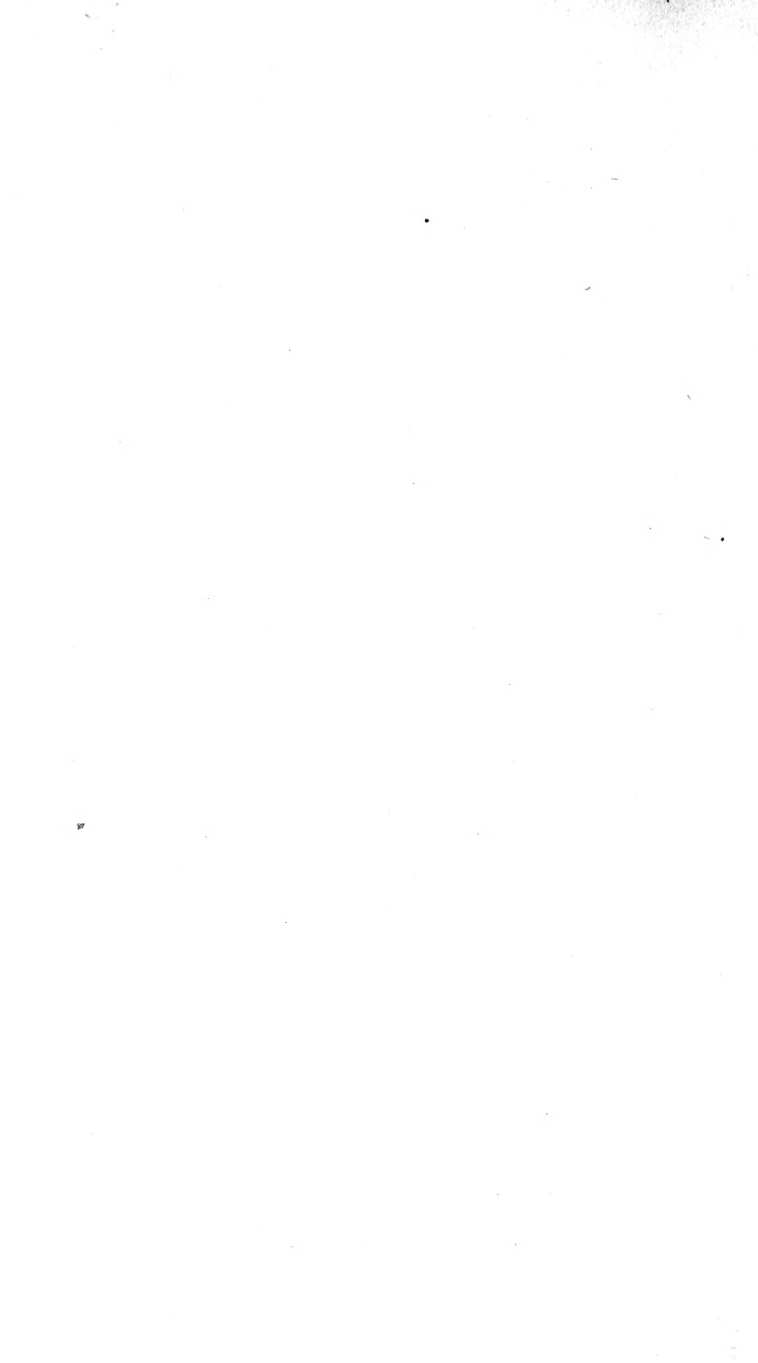
Yes ! all things changed, and improved, save him who taught them progression ; he stood *alone*, like the bare rock which shakes from its craggy sides the fostering soil which would clothe it with flowers ; but he was not like the rock invulnerable ; and the society which first diverted his attention next amused his fancy, then roused his judgment, and finally, by engaging his affections, touched his heart and reformed his manners.

END OF VOL. II.

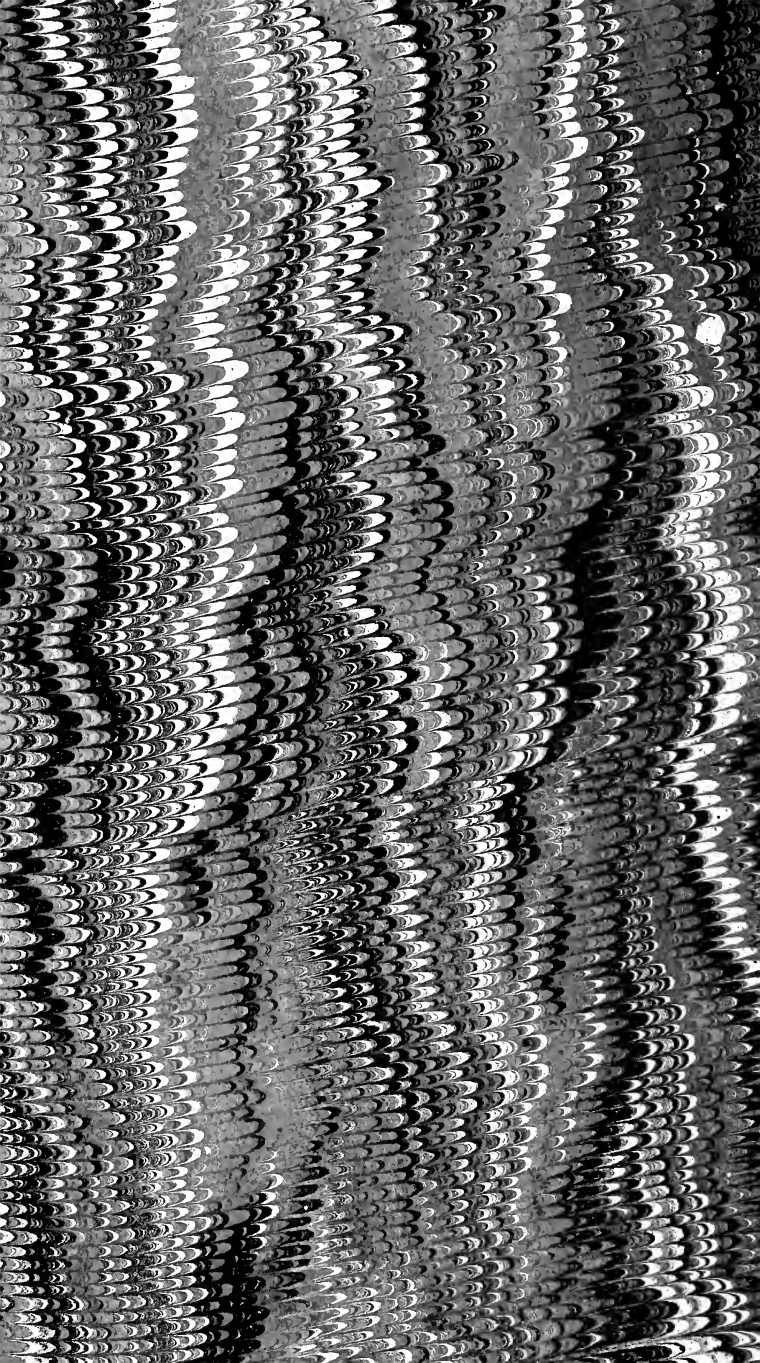
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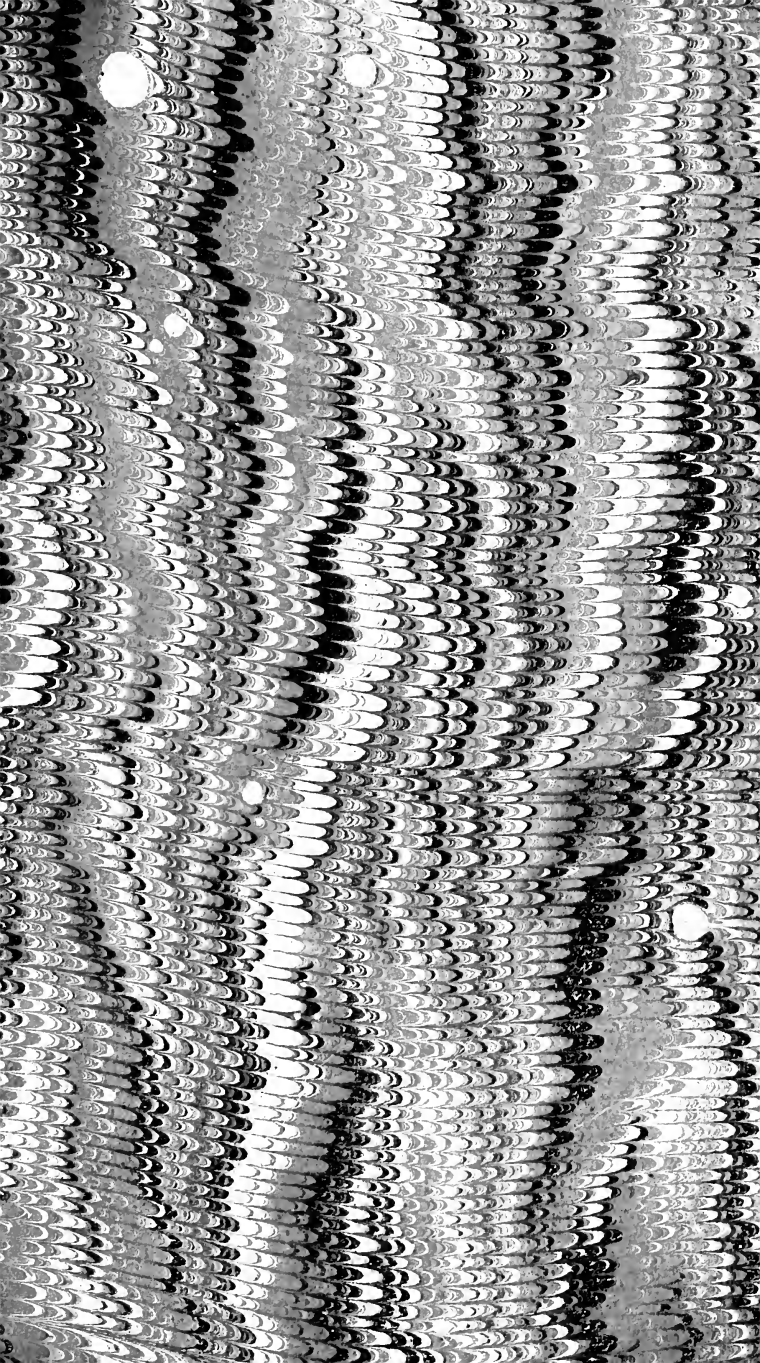
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